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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government proposals for taxation of land values have now been published, and even a preliminary examination shows that they contain anomalies and anachronisms. The position at the moment appears to be that the scheme will be opposed as a whole by the Conservatives, criticized on minor points by the Liberals, and accepted with a complete lack of enthusiasm by the Labour rank-and-file.

It seems odd to an Englishman that M. Briand should have wished to be President of the French Republic instead of its Foreign Minister; for

the President has little power, whereas M. Briand, for all the vicissitudes of Gallic politics, has not only had power but has become almost independent of changes of Cabinet. Perhaps titles and titular positions are, after all, the things that count; but one has the feeling that M. Briand would have found it difficult to become a nonentity in the Elysée, and he may be congratulated on his withdrawal after the first ballot.

The course of European history for several years to come will be affected by the progress of events at Geneva during the next few days. France and her allies are obviously determined to do everything in their power to wreck the Austro-German Pact, which Italy now seems

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prepared to support. For the moment it appears that whatever happens the consequences will be serious, for the German Government dare not, for domestic reasons, give way, and after the vote in the Chamber the French Government is in the same position.

What is clear is that the need for larger economic units is being realized on all sides, but the settlement effected after the war was so largely political in its nature that the creation of these units is attended with the greatest political difficulties. The problem that faces the statesmen at Geneva is to find some compromise between the spirit of nationality and economic necessity, and it is no easy one to solve in the circumstances of to-day.

Mr. Gandhi is not the representative of any terrestrial nor, so far as I can see, of any celestial ruler. How comes it then that the Indian ascetic, who regards all the inventions of the West as the work of Satan because they detract from the primitive simplicity of the natural man, should insist on the use of a motor-car on his way through Simla to Viceregal Lodge?

Simla is far more than Delhi the spiritual home of the Indian Civil Service, and Mr. Gandhi is therefore exposing his own indifferent health for the express purpose of humiliating the Heaven-born. The very triviality of the demand attests his shrewdness; what Viceroy, it suggests, could afford to sacrifice peace for the sake of a joy-ride? But once more the bluff has succeeded.

Such a demand is no more in keeping with his principles than is his financial and commercial programme. The latter is dictated to him by big business behind the Congress, and the former is manifestly a political move. When the Nizam of Hyderabad would be content with a rickshaw in Simla, Mr. Gandhi sees an opportunity of humiliating the Ruling Princes of India by riding in a motor-car.

Sir John Simon's renewed exposure in the House of Commons of the system of child slavery known as mui-tsai, which still exists in Hong-Kong, proves once again how little real progress civilization is making. Dr. Shields, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was not convincing when he asserted that every precaution had been taken against all forms of slavery.

The indignation aroused in the House should mean that the abuse will quickly be put right. But the fact that mui-tsai has been allowed to exist until now shows that yet another Government department wants tightening up. If memory serves, action was more speedy in the nearly parallel case of Zanzibar a generation back.

Since I called attention last week to the somewhat inconsistent attitude of the Government towards those political exiles who seek sanctuary in our midst, another case, even more peculiar than that of King Alfonso, has been brought

to my notice. It appears that the Portuguese rebels who escaped from Madeira on board a British warship have now been handed over to General Carmona, or at any rate, it is reported in the Continental Press that such a procedure has been adopted.

Now, I have even less sympathy with the opponents of the Portuguese dictator than I have with the Socialists who demonstrated against King Alfonso in the House of Commons, but I do feel that the former, like the latter, have some sort of a grievance. Either we recognize a right of asylum in this country or we do not, and, if we do, we have no right to refuse it to any political refugee, provided that he is not also an ordinary criminal, and that he gives an undertaking to behave himself while he is on British soil.

The political views of the particular exile have nothing to do with the matter. Sultan Abdul Mejid I refused to surrender the Hungarian rebels to his brother-monarch the Emperor Francis Joseph, and surely a Socialist Government cannot be less hospitable. I admit that there is a good deal to be said for a general tightening up of the laws that govern the admission of aliens to this country, but such as they are let them be honoured rather in the observance than in the breach.

Lord D'Abernon's address to the Royal Empire Society last Tuesday evening, on the present economic troubles, was interesting but assuredly not conclusive. He denied the existence of over-production and disequilibrium, derided the failure of confidence as a purely psychological factor unworthy of serious consideration, and diagnosed the real nigger in the woodpile as being instability of prices due to wrong currency systems.

I confess myself unable to follow this reasoning. It is true that disequilibrium is obviously secondary, and it may be a result either of over-production or monetary policy, or conceivably of a maldistribution of goods or property. But is it so certain that over-confidence and over-production are mere phantasms of the brain?

Surely we all recollect that early in 1929 stock prices rose to a height at which yields were only 2 or 3 per cent. It seems absurd now, when Philip drunk has become Philip painfully sober. But that rise was based on the knowledge that production was becoming cheaper, and the assumption or belief that the consuming market was becoming "every day and in every way" bigger and bigger. The knowledge was true, the belief untrue.

The bottom fell out of the stock markets because people realized that though the goods were there, the demand was not. Once bit, twice shy; the world is now as craven as it was formerly overbold. But could any reformed currency system have kept prices stable, whether of raw materials, manufactured articles, or stocks and shares, through both periods?

The price of an article is after all what it will fetch, and I suggest to Lord D'Abernon that the falling production of wheat between 1928 and 1930 was a consequence of the folly price of wheat between 1920 and 1928. A stabilized price would simply have meant an unstabilized currency.

At the moment, of course, the system helps the rentier and the pensioned class, since they can buy more for their money, and squeeze the producer. Ten years ago, however, the boot was on the other leg. The real problem, it seems to me, is that all through past history the world has been faced with a normal deficiency of supplies, whereas it is likely to be faced in future with a normal excess. Neither our orthodox economics nor, I fear, Lord D'Abernon's views seem equipped to deal with that fundamental reversal.

Sir Edward Grigg's pamphlet advocating a return to the two-party system—in other words, co-operation between Liberals and Conservatives—deserves attention as a sign of the times. It consorts well with the frank unrest shown by a group of about a dozen Liberals at Mr. Lloyd George's policy of playing tail to the Labour dog.

In this connexion, attention should also be drawn to the reprint of Sir Warden Chilcott's excellent articles from the *Whitehall Gazette* earlier in the year. Sir Warden, who knows from his own Parliamentary experience the waste and chaos of the present method, when three parties form an impotent triangle, puts up a considered plea for a Royal Emergency Commission to inform the nation of the exact truth of its present industrial position.

He suggests as President, Lord Sumner, and as leading members of the enquiry, Lord Hailsham, Sir John Simon and either Sir Oswald Mosley or Mr. Henderson. With the exception of Sir Oswald—who could be criticized as having already a *parti pris*—the names strike me as excellent, and the idea itself worthy of adoption.

I wonder if it gave Mr. Gordon Selfridge any pleasure to post the windows of Gamage's West End Store with notices that he had acquired the whole of its stock. Six months ago he must have viewed the opening of a rival store across the street with some trepidation; to-day its doors are closed and he has so far won the struggle.

There remains the empty palace, built at a cost of a million. Will another merchant prince come forward to try again, or will it pass into the hands of the despised "small" man and earn success for many proprietors instead of one? Mr. Selfridge must be curious to know its future, and for his own peace of mind it would probably be best if he bought it himself.

Ysaye was of the lighter French rather than the solid German school of fiddlers; and just as no French pianist is at his best with Beethoven and no German with Chopin, a listener who heard Ysaye and Joachim through such an impersonal

medium as a gramophone record would hardly believe they played the same instrument. Ysaye made the fiddle laugh and sing, and trip and dance and shudder in a way that suggested rather than conveyed depth of emotion.

Joachim had none of this easy gaiety of soul, and his light passages were apt to be a trifle laboured. It was easier for him, I think, to make the fiddle moan and weep with the sad sense, that comes to all of us at times, that the sorrows of this weary world are unfathomed and perhaps unfathomable by mortal man.

Ysaye had less of this than the older man, and if each was different, or at least limited in one respect, the two together would have made almost a perfect complement. But what a tribute this, to the instrument that can cover the whole range of human emotion, and that takes two masters to express its capacity to the full!

Professor Michelson, who died a few days ago, was joint-author of the famous Michelson-Morley experiments on the speed of light which led directly to the Einstein theory. The interferometer which he devised for these tests produced the surprising result that light was a (physical) Absolute, which travelled at an equal pace everywhere and in every direction through space.

These results were frankly difficult to harmonize with the philosophy that had been more or less consciously based on the Newtonian laws of motion. When philosophy contradicts experiment it is recognized everywhere (except, perhaps, at Oxford and Rome) that philosophy, not experiment, has to think again; but in this case it was not only philosophy, but science that has had to think again.

The process of re-thinking is not yet completed—perhaps it never will be—and the business of reconstructing our idea of a space-time continuum in four (or more probably five) dimensions has meantime been complicated by certain factors of the new astronomy. Neither the Michelson-Morley experiments nor the Einstein theory give any indication whether light is to be regarded as a cause or a consequence of physical matter; and the Jeans theory of a dissolving cosmos rather aggravates the puzzle.

The death of King Prempeh made an obscure paragraph in the papers this week; the public of to-day has forgotten, or never knew, how deliciously its fathers shuddered over the Blood Bath of Ashanti—where Church and State both believed in human sacrifice to propitiate the gods. The Victorian Age did not much object to human sacrifice in the name of industry, but it held that these things were intolerable in the name of religion.

It is odd, somehow, to hear that Prempeh's son is now a Christian missionary, who is attempting to convert his father's old subjects, *Eppur si muove*; but it would be tactless of an English publisher to suggest a biography of the parent by the offspring.

IS SPAIN GOING RED?

THE events of the last few days in Spain give point to the warning which we uttered a month ago when the Republic first came into being. It is not so much the fact that disorders have taken place, for they were to be expected, which must give rise to apprehension, as the form in which they have occurred, and the powerlessness of the Government to deal with them. There is not normally in Madrid, as the events of 1909 proved there is at Barcelona, any strong current of anti-clerical feeling, and with the possible exception of the Viennese, no other inhabitants of a capital take their politics more quietly as a general rule than the *Madridenses*. Yet, convents and churches have been burnt in Madrid as in Seville and Malaga, and individuals lynched in a manner unpleasantly reminiscent of "the red fool-fury of the Seine." It is true, as every critic has pointed out, that the ordinary Spaniard never stood to gain anything by the change of regime, but it is clear that something more than a belated realization of this obvious fact has caused the recent disturbances.

There can, indeed, be little doubt that, in spite of accusations of Royalist intrigue and the familiar charge of counter-revolutionary propaganda, the outrages and arson which have shocked Europe this week were due to Communist inspiration. The methods employed were precisely the same as those which proved so singularly successful in Russia exactly fourteen years ago. In the first place, acts of terrorism against those who were the strongest supporters of the existing social order, in the present instance the Church. Secondly, the proof of extremist control over the proletariat as shown by the general paralysis of business, in spite of the efforts of the Labour leaders to prevent a stoppage of work. Lastly, the encouragement of the masses to believe that the Moderates were playing them false. That these tactics have gained the day is conclusively shown by the hostile cries that greeted Señores Zamora and Maura, the two least advanced members of the ministry. In effect, the parallel with the early days of the Russian Revolution is more complete than reassuring, even to the interval of calm which is being utilized by the Communists to prepare for the next stroke.

Like the Government of M. Kerensky, that of Señor Zamora has proved itself unable to control

the forces which it has unloosed. It has parleyed when it should have used force, and its arrest of General Berenguer, immediately after his acquittal, followed as it has been by the capitulation to the demand of the mob for the trial of King Alfonso, are ugly features of a very dangerous situation. What the repercussions of this weakness will be remains to be seen, but whatever the result, the prestige of an administration that is at the mercy of the populace in the capital, if not in the provinces as well, has clearly vanished.

The outbreaks appear to consist in the main of attacks on priests and nuns, and the pillage of churches and convents; and these have become so serious that the Primate of Spain, the Archbishop of Toledo, has fled for his life across the frontier of France. It may indeed be that the Church in Spain has been somewhat excessively endowed by pious benefactors in the past, and that the number of religious is too large in comparison with the general secular population. But, however that may be, this wave of violent anti-clericalism can do the Republic no good either at home or abroad, for the Church of Rome, unlike that of Russia, is not a purely national institution that can be persecuted with impunity. It should also be remembered that it is being attacked not only on religious grounds, but also because it is the strongest bulwark in the Peninsula against that state of chaos which the Communists wish to precipitate.

Is Spain, then, well on the way to following the example of Russia? We fear that all the indications point in this direction. There is the same activity on the part of the extremists, the same apathy on the part of the vast majority of the population, and the same impotence on the part of the authorities in the one country as there was in the other. What a menace a Red Spain would be to Europe is easier to imagine than to describe, but we are afraid that it is a possibility which must now be seriously envisaged. The Republic has failed in the first month of its existence, the restoration of the monarchy is for the moment out of the question, and a dictator has sooner or later become inevitable. Every friend of Spain and of civilization will trust that this last proves to be a Mussolini rather than a Lenin.

THE FUTURE OF THE RAILWAYS

AT no previous period in their history have the British railways been the subject of so much rumour as at present. Predictions, some guarded, some detailed, are almost daily appearing in the Press, and since these are neither not denied or denied only in somewhat vague and non-committal fashion, a large section of the public, including many members of the Stock Exchange, naturally believes that something is in the wind.

These rumours are mainly due to two schemes that might at first sight appear to have no connexion—the proposed London Passenger Transport Board and the Weir Committee Report on main-line electrification. Actually, there appear to be all the potentialities for the closest connexion between the two, since both embody a scheme for dealing with transport on a national basis, and involve an extension of Government control. We have described the Government plans for co-ordin-

ation of London traffic under a public authority as camouflaged nationalization, and there would seem to be good reason for believing that it may also be regarded as the half-way house to the nationalization of the trunk lines. It will certainly be used as an argument for their public ownership and control.

Large-scale electrification, a matter on which both the Government and the companies have hitherto maintained a policy of masterly silence, will undoubtedly provide a further argument. While there is no specific reference to the matter in the Weir Report, it is implicit in that document that some form of Government assistance, whether direct or indirect, may be forthcoming to finance the scheme, even if for no other reason than that it calls on the Electricity Commissioners to spend eighty millions, which would presumably be obtained by the issue of a public loan. Moreover, since the general reluctance of the railway companies to undertake main-line electrification has until now been based almost entirely on financial considerations, as was recently pointed out in these columns, it is reasonable to assume that their willingness to embark on schemes of the magnitude outlined in the Weir Report must largely depend on some form of public financial assistance, whether by way of guaranteed loans or otherwise. In this connexion, it is significant that the three principal railway trade unions are not only requesting the Government to nationalize the railways, but that they hold that this question is one of immediate practical politics to be considered together with electrification. Moreover, they maintain that if electrification be contingent on financial aid by the Government, such assistance should not be given to privately owned undertakings.

Such are the main outlines of the situation. It is therefore probable that so soon as the London Passenger Transport Bill has been passed—and the assent of the Underground stock- and shareholders to the financial terms of acquisition has immensely strengthened the hands of the Minister of Transport—the Government will be asked to look into the practicability of main-line electrification, which may conceivably involve the setting up of another Committee, or a Royal Commission. And electrification must inevitably lead at least to the discussion and advocacy of nationalization, possibly disguised under the style of the consolidation of the existing four groups or the creation of a Railway Board.

There is a further reason why the nationalization advocates should think their opportunity has

come. Until quite recently, transport was in this country looked on as largely a matter for the individual agencies that purveyed it, and was subject to the minimum of Governmental regulation or control. But the immense growth of motor traffic has greatly increased the extent of control by public authorities, and this has culminated in the Road Traffic Act, which, *inter alia*, provides for the licensing of all public passenger services by Area Traffic Commissioners, who have the power to refuse a licence on the ground of redundancy or highway congestion. If recent proceedings before the Commissioners can be accepted as a criterion, the number of existing road services will not undergo material reduction, although applicants for new services may find it difficult to secure a licence. Hence there is a possibility that the competition between the independent carriers and the railway companies and the road services controlled by them may not sensibly diminish. Should this be so, the result, in addition to weakening still further the already deplorable financial position of the railways, will be a blow at the hopes entertained by the Ministry of Transport that the Road Traffic Act would lead to much greater co-ordination of land transport facilities, and thus improve the economic condition of the undertakings concerned in its provision. Here, then, is a further argument for nationalization.

The SATURDAY REVIEW has never been greatly enamoured of the passion of Governments to curb legitimate private activities by means of regulations and other administrative interference. But there may come a time where the only alternative to State regulation is chaos, and so far as transport is concerned Great Britain is rapidly reaching that stage. It does not necessarily follow that nationalization is the only way out, but experience in this and other countries has demonstrated that it is often the easiest way, especially as the promises of its advocates can be made into the most attractive electioneering counters. And a Government that has signally failed to redeem its election pledges, especially in the matter of reducing unemployment, might easily find a worse slogan than "The Railways for the People," a theme suited both to the street-corner orator and the expert.

But if nationalization is in the mind of the Government, it should in common honesty tell the public. At present the whole problem is in a state of flux and drift, and it almost looks as if the railways would be nationalized at the very moment when they become bankrupt.

PORTRAIT OF THE KAISER

PRINCE BULOW'S memoirs, the longest German work of art since 'The Ring,' aims at proving, with Wagnerian wealth of detail, first that the policy which he pursued was sound and secondly that he adopted the right means for its execution. His policy was to develop Germany's strength in peace by cultivating good relations with Russia and by equipping his country with a fleet without antagonizing Britain.

Prince Bülow claims that this policy was feasible, and that it had actually succeeded when Bethmann-Hollweg's mishandling of a Balkan quarrel brought about the World War. Both claims are disputable, but the hottest controversy will rage over the further claim that the way to success lay in managing the Kaiser; and this may, of course, be still further complicated by the question whether the Silken Chancellor's way of managing the

Kaiser was in fact the best way of managing that singularly difficult autocrat.

Of course, Prince Bülow does not suggest that he made the Kaiser discreet. On the contrary, he admits that his Sovereign's sabre-rattling impromptu gravely disconcerted him. But his contention is that, if only the immediate impression created by the Emperor's rash utterances could be overcome, no real danger remained. William II, he submits, was thoroughly pacific in spite of his language. This was the view which guided the Prince's conduct in office, and to justify it he offers an interpretation of the Kaiser's character which, coming as it does from one who was his right-hand man for more than ten years, will long attract the attention of historians.

Prince Bülow's characterization is quite in accordance with the terms of modern psychology. We have to deal, he tells us, with an imperfectly integrated personality perpetually striving to conceal its internal contradictions. It is not, be it observed, a conflict between temperament and circumstance. The Kaiser was not a pacifist compelled by his position always to wear uniform. He was the Supreme War Lord, yet at heart he was also a man of peace, aware that he was not of the fibre to endure the vicissitudes of a great war and striving to hide his self-knowledge beneath the cloak of aggressive words.

That is the conclusion which many of us have now reached; what is important in Prince Bülow's book is the way he reaches it. He emphatically rejects the obvious view that the Kaiser was really a coward. On the contrary, he credits him with high courage and proves his contention by reference to the Kaiser's behaviour when a growth developed on his vocal chords. We know now that the growth was harmless, but Prince Bülow rightly bids us think of the effect of learning that there was a growth on a man both of whose parents had died of cancer—one of them of cancer in the throat. Prince Bülow testifies that the Kaiser stood this ordeal magnificently.

The contradiction, then, was spiritual, not physical, and its roots may be found in the education which the future Emperor received from his tutor. Prince Bülow describes it with fine irony:

In educating the future King and Kaiser, Hinzpeter took the personality of an especially capable and meritorious Thuringian prince of the past for a model. I have forgotten the name of that ruler—John Frederick the Magnanimous or Ernest the Pious or something like that. Anyway, it was a prince who intervened in everything, at all times, saw that everything had been done correctly, and never failed to be present when anything was doing. Young Prince William was to take him for a pattern and make himself just like him.

Consider the effect of such teaching on the child of exceptionally conscientious parents. Innate modesty—and that the Kaiser was naturally modest—is shown by his passionate reverence for his grandfather, the old Emperor, and his grandmother, Queen Victoria—could not prevail against it, if circumstances were adverse. And circumstances were thoroughly adverse. Called to the throne at an unexpectedly early age, Hinzpeter's pupil found himself face to face with Bismarck, of all men the least likely to endure a master who "intervened in everything, at all

times." But the lesson had been learnt. How great was the strain of applying it may be gauged from a letter which Prince Bülow prints as "more revealing in regard to the mentality of William II than any other document known to me." It is a letter written, in English, by the Kaiser to his mother after Bismarck's death, when the events it deals with were already eight years old. But its tone is downright hysterical. The writer is a gallant knight, who fells his treacherous enemy, "stretching him in the sand for the sake of my Crown and our House," and then rides quietly on, "the Royal standard firmly in my hand . . . and God above." It is not sufficient to say that the Kaiser felt himself an autocrat in times which were not, on the whole, favourable to autocracy.

Only the most acute mental struggle can explain such language after so long an interval, and somewhat similar passages, the result of a mind ill at ease with itself and ill-adjusted to its environment, will occur to those who are familiar with the Kaiser's speeches, and even more, perhaps, with his now notorious annotations to State documents. In an ordinary citizen this emotional tension and over-strain would possibly have settled down in early middle-age, but the Kaiser lived in a public stage from which it was impossible to escape, and the incessant activities which gave him the name of the "Travelling Empire" are perhaps symbolic of his futile attempts to conquer the tumult within.

Another adverse circumstance dogged him for the rest of his life. The Kaiser was not a parvenu. He was of good Royal descent on both sides, but he behaved like a parvenu because he wore a parvenu crown. His grandfather had remained at heart King of Prussia; his father had been Crown Prince until he lay on his death-bed; he himself must be the Kaiser. He was, and to remind himself and the world of the fact he "intervened in everything at all times." What this led to is summed up by Prince Bülow in a paragraph written in gall:

What William II most desired and imagined for the future was to see himself, at the head of a glorious German Fleet, starting out on a peaceful visit to England. The English Sovereign, with his fleet, would meet the German Kaiser in Portsmouth. The two fleets would file past each other, the two Monarchs, each wearing the naval uniform of the other's country, and wearing the other's decorations, would then stand on the bridges of their flagships. Then, after they had embraced in the prescribed manner, a gala dinner with lovely speeches would be held in Cowes.

How such dreams came to possess the Emperor's imagination is shown at length in Prince Bülow's pages, which, after a preliminary misadventure here, will soon be available for English readers. They reveal the appalling Byzantinism of the Imperial Court. They also—and this is an unexpected feature—reveal the disastrous influence of the Empress. We think of her as a quiet and harmless woman. Quiet she was, but, in Prince Bülow's view, by no means harmless, for he depicts her as the essence of chauvinism and bigotry. If his portrait is correctly drawn, she may have understudied in 1914 the part that was Eugénie's in 1870.

THE EXPANSION OF ITALY

BY BENITO MUSSOLINI

THE history of human civilization is basically the history of means of subsistence found by man. Hence, the basis of civilization lies in agriculture. Besides the art of killing for self-nourishment and self-defence, through hunting, fishing and fighting, agriculture is the mother-art, the art that is essentially man's own. The art of killing, for self-defence and for self-nourishment, is known and practised also by wild animals. Agriculture, on the other hand, makes man think of himself and of others, of laws and commandments, and gives him stable residence, permitting him to nourish himself at the breast of the Universal Mother—the Earth—without exhausting her resources and without destroying any living being or any material wealth, but rather creating new forms of wealth and fecundity.

Time out of mind, primitive man took nourishment from the earth just as she spontaneously gave it to him. When a man, or a family, or a tribe, had destroyed all there was to destroy, and devoured all there was to devour within a certain radius, he or it moved on elsewhere, so few were the human beings and so immense this dark, mysterious, unexplored planet. But then comes in human history the moment in which some unknown genius thinks of domesticating animals instead of merely killing them for food. And in the world of our mute, inferior brothers, man makes his first friends. Was it the dog, man's first aid in self-defence, or the horse, that was first to serve us docilely with its strength and its speed? Certainly sheep, goats and herds of cows and oxen only came later. And the fact of having domesticated these animals is the first rudimental form of agriculture, a form which does not eliminate the necessity for emigration, but slows it up. When the flock or the herd has used up the pasture-ground in a certain zone around the tent, or the grotto, or the cave, man can still lead it to pasture in a more remote place.

And in this interim, the human family has a moment of ease in which to form a home of a certain degree of stability. Here probably the "woman" element enters the scene to try to curb man's tendency toward a nomad life, migration, and continual search for adventure. It is she, woman, who has within her the instinct for permanency and stability, and who suffers most from the discomforts of migrations personally, and more especially, even, for her little children. The day on which man makes the first hoe, then the first rudimentary plough, and cultivates the earth, and sows it, migratory nomadism as an indispensable mode of life for humanity is ended.

And history begins.

Nevertheless, even in comparatively recent epochs, migration continues as part of the life of peoples. But it is an exception, no longer a rule. The "sacred springtimes," which the ancient Etruscans still held in Italy, were somewhat similar to the swarming of bees: the priest, the *pontifex*, picked out the youngest, most energetic and strongest men and women, and sent these in couples far from their native habitat, already too densely populated, to found, with the aid of arms and civilization, new colonies of the same race and blood, but in other lands, either uninhabited or inhabited by more scattered and weaker peoples. Still later, in the days of the Roman Empire, Rome founded systematic nuclei for emigration in conquered lands, with colonies of veteran soldiers.

As opposed to these forms of methodical emigration, other more barbarian forms were constituted by the successive waves of pressure from the nomad or semi-nomad peoples, come from Asia to the eastern

frontiers of Europe, who gravitated from there toward the "warm sea" and the sunny lands of the Mediterranean basin. It may be said that all of Rome's history is summarized in this gigantic battle against these nomads, for she served as the bastion against such invasions and such pressure. Even before the days of the Empire, Marius and Sulla had to combat the German hordes and push them back within those limits within which Julius Cæsar and the emperors later had to exercise every effort to keep them. Cimbri, Teutons, and later those nomad Asiatic tribes known as Scythians, continue to gnaw at the confines of the Empire, until at last the ceaseless, exhausting wars open a breach in the stupendous, glorious bastion that is Rome. And through the ever-widening breach vaster and vaster floods surge. Goths, Visigoths, Longobards, invade Italy and Spain and the northern shores of Africa and all of the sacred garden of Rome and of her Empire.

Later, with Attila and the Huns, the current of Mongol peoples begins to overflow its banks. Then the death-struggle of Western Europe against the pressure of the currents of migratory invasion from Africa forms the fulcrum for all the history of the Middle Ages, just exactly as the history of the Roman Empire is summarized in the struggle of resistance of Western Europe against the pressure of the migratory waves from Europe's eastern borders. The crusades correspond in this sense to Rome's expeditions of conquest: an offensive against the enemy to carry the war from home-soil to enemy territory. The victory which Charles Martel won at Poitiers against the Arabs in A.D. 732 corresponds to the victory which Marius in a region not very far distant from Poitiers had won eight centuries before against the Cimbri at Aix-la-Chapelle.

With the discovery of America, the period of great sea voyages and explorations begins. The phenomenon of the emigration of peoples then becomes more complex, though remaining substantially the same. It is always a question of wars of conquest for new colonies, which is to say for new outlets for each nation's imperative emigration; wars fought between the great nations and the peoples they have conquered: Spain against England on one side, Europe against America on the other. So had it happened in olden times between the cities of Greece for the possession of Sicily, and later between Rome and Carthage.

Afterwards the nucleus of emigrants in the colonies, while continuing to conserve the fatherland's superior civilization, emancipates itself from the fatherland and forms an autonomous state. Nevertheless, it continues to attract enormous masses of emigrants to its lands. It is no longer a question of invading peoples. It is a pacific invasion of individual emigrants who feed and make greater the new national entities, assimilating themselves therewith rapidly. Thus in the course of little more than 150 years, almost from nothing, gigantic new states have arisen, such as the Argentine, Brazil, the Australian Commonwealth, Canada and, most of all, the United States.

But to-day, these rich regions, and especially Australia and the United States, the latter of which is the richest of all, lock and bolt doors and gates, and say to the migratory waves from the restless Old World that ceaselessly beat at their thresholds: "No, Sir! Beyond here you shall not pass!" Yet, in spite of this serious restriction of developable territory, there exists at the disposal of the world to-day a vast quantity of the most varied products imaginable, because the

increase in productive intensity has not been synchronized with the augmentation of possibilities of consumption. Hence the problem is no longer that of finding sustenance for swelling populations, but of finding markets for ever-increasing production. Correspondingly as mechanical means multiply, cultivation becomes more rational, more intensive, and the necessity for nomadism and the urge toward great migrations of peoples therefore diminishes.

Malthus showed that he did not understand this well when he formulated his famous theory in regard to the augmentation of population in proportion to the augmentation of means of subsistence. One may say that Malthus, who died a century ago, could not naturally foresee our era's prodigious multiplication of mechanical means of production, our era rich in new discoveries and inventions as no other period in history. Yet, before all, the population of the world, too, has increased in unusually rapid proportion during the last century. Leaving out of consideration the development in means of production and subsistence on the one hand, and the last century's more rapid increase in population on the other, Malthus's error is just as gross, because of the enormous mistake which serves as basis for his calculations. In other words, it is in no sense true that men multiply on the face of the earth in geometric progression. Someone or other amused himself in figuring it out; and, as is assured, the following paradox would be the result: at the time when Christ was born, that is 1931 years ago, there would not have been on the face of the globe more than two hundred human beings, all told.

In Italy, in 1870, the number of inhabitants was about 26,000,000, and the Government then asserted that Italy was overpopulated, and that a policy of emigration was necessary in order to provide for the ever-increasing annual excess of population. Such emigration took place. Nevertheless, the demographic excesses occurred just the same, and to-day Italy is inhabited by 43,000,000 souls, whose living conditions are twice as high in standard as those that existed in 1870. And we are a strong race.

In agriculture, the introduction of farming machines has made possible the development of vaster territories and the increase of yield. While, in 1900, three-fourths of the population of the United States were dedicated to agriculture, to-day agriculturists form but one-fifth of the population, and the value of the products of the soil, on the contrary, has increased from one billion pounds in 1900 to the present figure of three and a quarter billion pounds. The other four-fifths of the inhabitants are occupied in industries whose annual output represents a value of many millions.

England for many decades has been dependent on foreign countries for her food supply; nevertheless, due to her industrial development, she was the richest nation in the world before the war, despite the fact that in 1861 she had a population of but 20,000,000 and a standard of life far below that of to-day, though to-day she has 45,000,000 inhabitants.

Increases in wealth are almost universally allied to increases in population. Germany has undergone a change very analogous to that of the United States, where great masses of farmers and peasants have

become workmen, contributing thus to an increase in production in every field.

With all this, it is an old conviction of mine that so rapid an industrial development represents a fearful danger for civilization, and that the only true and permanent wealth of a nation is that which derives from the earth—the soil. No matter how much goods and how much wealth industrialists and workmen produce, they are goods and wealth in large measure fictitious, and answer to conventional, not indispensable, needs.

The truth of this theory has been seen during the war, and again is seen now during the crisis: in all difficult periods, statesmen and mere citizens both must beat their heads against the physiocratic theory: true riches come from the earth.

Because of this old and profound conviction of mine, from the moment in which I assumed the reins of the Government, and during eight years, I have done everything possible for the encouragement of agriculture in Italy. One of the measures taken in this regard was precisely that which I took in 1926, under the name of "the battle of wheat," which I continued enlarging. And Italy, with only three-fifths of her territory cultivatable, is about to reach a sufficiency of home-produced grain that will render her independent of importations from abroad. Our production now suffices for four-fifths of the national demand. Within a few years the efforts for the spreading of agriculture by machine will be crowned by the realization of the dream for a production sufficient for every Italian to have bread produced by his fatherland.

Facilities for internal migration, such as from Continental Italy to Sicily and Sardinia, and for permanent migration from Italy to our colonies, also form part of these same provisions. Italy, as her history shows, has been and is inhabited by a highly dynamic people. The influence of her civilization has been felt in every corner of the globe. She has entered into this post-war period with a territory slightly more extensive than that which she occupied before the war. Fascism has animated her with a greater desire for development. We are not displeased that our people cannot emigrate, that frontiers and gates are barred to us: with a new will we are demanding of our land its all—our land that in history's centuries of time has been the home of the Italian race. But we are directed toward expansion, and as we believe in that destiny for us, we believe that the true source of wealth is in the earth.

The development of our peninsula proceeds with lively enthusiasms, and, looking toward the future of our African colonies, we have faith that before many years have passed part of our population will find satisfactory systemization in Libya's fertile fields, that have already demonstrated noteworthy possibilities for development.

The Italians have been pioneers in many lands possessed by others: with better reason they will be such in lands under the dominion of the fatherland. The need of the great nations and the great peoples of to-day, of having colonies, is nothing but a new form of the ancient, eternal need that drove the peoples of olden times to migration.

IS UNEMPLOYMENT REALLY INSURABLE?

By CYRIL MARTIN

WHILE the Royal Commission on unemployment is making up its mind on the many and difficult problems before it, the thinking public would do well to ponder a little on a wider and fundamental problem connected with national insurance against unemployment. For this is a big question which the public will have to face, but which is outside the scope of the Commission's investigations.

This problem is whether any national scheme of insurance against unemployment can really be sound. Is it possible that many of the defects of the present scheme exist just because our scheme is run by the State, staffed by civil servants, and is under the influence, and indeed the indirect control, of politicians elected directly by the people? To this question no easy answer is possible, but it needs to be considered.

The drawbacks of an insurance scheme conducted by the State are obvious. Experience has shown that by reason of political pressure the scheme became unsound economically as soon as times became bad. The scheme resulted in a balance before the Great War, but for years it has been hopelessly insolvent. Any national scheme is likely to develop in this way, unless safeguards of a kind never yet propounded can be invented. Democracy nowhere shows its inherent weaknesses more clearly than in its handling of such problems as these. Those who voted for the vast extensions of the franchise between 1906 and 1928 did not realize the consequences of putting the predominant political power into the hands of those who are more likely to want benefits from the State than to pay direct taxes to the State. Nor do those realize what they are doing who in 1931 airily discuss different methods of still further tipping the balance against the tax-paying classes. Under our present democratic system it is rash to anticipate that any State-run scheme for paying unemployment benefit can be conducted on sound economic lines.

The very fact that the scheme is a national one has resulted in a widespread desire being created to obtain the maximum personal benefit. Mr. Lloyd George will go down to history as the demagogue who converted the old Friendly Society spirit into the spirit of "Ninepence for Fourpence" and "Something for Nothing." Before the days of national insurance, whether of health or unemployment, there was abroad a wonderful spirit of self-respect and communal loyalty. Just because the various provident organizations were voluntary and self-managed there was little desire and little opportunity to abuse them. Now "to get something off the Labour" is so widespread a desire as to be almost universal.

Again, the very comprehensiveness of a State scheme must mean in our overpopulated island that there will always be a floating mass of unemployed persons who draw benefit. The number will vary considerably with economic conditions, but the unemployed who claim benefit will never disappear. Indeed, the urge to benefit that is inevitably produced by a national scheme must always tend to increase the number of claimants. So long as present political ideas are abroad, men and women will not themselves provide against unemployment; nor will families as a collective unit support those of their members who may fall out of work. In plenty of cases, even where the will to do so is present, there would be a more or less total inability to do so. Our voluntary thrift institutions, we must always remember, were based on selected lives. No national scheme can be so based. It has to provide for those who are devoid of all sense of personal independence, and they are many.

To-day there are tens of thousands of men who have, as it were, thrown their lives, and those of their dependents, upon the responsibility of the State. They have

been taught by the politicians that they are the victims of circumstances, of an evil economic system, and that it is for the State to place them in security. Such people would be ruthlessly thrown out by any voluntary or co-operative organization; it would be quickly impressed upon them that there are limits to the benevolence of any independent and self-supporting organization.

Our national scheme of unemployment insurance has done good in so far as it has taught the bulk of the community the virtues of insurance. But the essence of insurance lies in personal effort and self-denial. Our national scheme has done harm by practising poor-relief while preaching insurance. By giving benefits as of right, the national scheme has prevented the community from deriving true advantage from the lessons it should have taught.

The Royal Commission may be able to invent ways whereby the national scheme may be so tightened up that abuse will be far more rare. But any national scheme must be far more liable to abuse than any voluntary and co-operative schemes would be. To me it seems very difficult to imagine any national scheme which would not spread abroad the idea that however improvident people have been in creating fresh responsibilities, however reckless in refusing or quitting work, the apparently bottomless pit of the national exchequer is there to provide against the consequences.

Some of us may regret that the Royal Commission was not asked to consider the wisdom of having a national scheme. That issue is not open, but none the less, during the coming months we should do well to think out the possibility of retracing our steps. My enquiries into the practical working of the scheme of unemployment insurance have convinced me that there must be a far more severe handling of those who would fail to secure inclusion in any voluntary schemes. This is why I have advocated as one remedy a return to the principle of 1832 to 1918, that a loss of electoral rights must follow a long-continued inability to be self-supporting. But even this would not be by any means enough. The mentality of the drill-sergeant, rather than that of the nurse, will be necessary to deal with those who from whatever cause need continuous assistance from the State, and show no signs of any determination to be self-supporting citizens. This may be a hard saying, and one that no politician would dare to express, dependent as he is on popular votes. But we shall never get out of the present morass if we consider only the remedies that would be electorally popular. By handing over the unemployment insurance problem to a Royal Commission, our Labour Government has in effect confessed the inability of politicians to find a remedy. It is now for the thoughtful public to see that the Government shoulders the burden of whatever remedies may be really necessary, regardless of the political consequences.

REMINISCENCES OF ARNOLD BENNETT

BY WILLIAM GERHARDI

WHEN Lord Beaverbrook had asked me whom I should like to meet, I had said: "H. G. Wells." When H. G. Wells, in his turn, made a similar offer, I said: "Bernard Shaw and Arnold Bennett." Accordingly, when I lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Wells on the following Wednesday, there by my side was Enoch Arnold Bennett; and when I lunched with them on Friday, there was George Bernard Shaw. It seemed simple.

Arnold Bennett's appearance astonished me. I had imagined him as a gay dog about town with smooth, heavily brilliantined black hair—the psychological adviser of Lady Diana Cooper. I saw a grey-haired, morose man who one moment looked as if he had been struck by a fit of apoplexy and would not

recover; the next moment, came to life with a twinkle. There was about that face, with the sad, languorous brown eyes under the half-closed lids, an air of intolerable tedium, as if he were slowly dying of agonized boredom, had endured you, but could endure no longer.

At first you were disagreeably intimidated by the pompous seriousness with which he seemed to insist on what he said. But the smile which flickered at the end of every such utterance conveyed that Mr. Bennett was laughing at the sort of man who would talk like Mr. Bennett; and you were charmed. Moreover, Arnold Bennett, cleverly turning a hesitating speech to both dramatic and comedic advantage, had to say very little indeed for everyone present to see

a great deal in it. "What do you think of X. Y.?" he might be asked. "She is —" and then a high falsetto, "— a cat." Loud laughter. Deadly apt! What an epigram! you involuntarily felt. Yet the same sentence said by a man who was not Arnold Bennett—said by an Arnold Bennett deprived of hesitation and a tendency to rise into a high falsetto—would have passed unnoticed.

There he was, however, eating at my side in silence. When Commander Kenworthy passed him some petition for his signature, with a note: "Your opinion is worth more than H. G.'s," Arnold Bennett, as, with silent seriousness, he drew my attention to these words, suddenly twinkled into that smile which revealed all the warm humour latent in the man and playing through all his pages. Instead of discussing with me the new situation created in literature by my advent, he contented himself by putting a few questions relative to my education—which college I belonged to at Oxford, what did I read for, etc.—questions of a formal rather than genuine interest. Once in the drawing-room, however, and near to his departure, he gravely produced a pencil and notebook and enquired for my address. I had said nothing, he less. But when, a few days later, Beaverbrook, whom I had told about my meeting with Bennett, rang him up to enquire what he thought of me, Bennett's reply was: "Excellent talker!"

After a dinner at his house, A. B. took us aside and gravely showed us the original manuscript of 'The Old Wives Tale.' There was scarcely a correction in it. I questioned whether this could be the original manuscript. I did not understand how a man could have written a novel straight out in this neat hand, or why he should want to, why he should pause unnecessarily, strain his memory, sacrifice a better version of a phrase to an inferior one, which had occurred to him first. I again questioned A. B. "Surely," I said, "it isn't, it cannot be the first attempt."

Without speaking, A. B. opened the manuscript at the title page and pointed again to the words: "First and last writing."

"But how, and above all, why?" I asked. "You can't write always at the same rate of speed. You may get excited —"

At this Mr. Bennett's upper lip stiffened. "No first-class artist," he said, "gets excited."

Taking a passage, which came back to me from his own published diary, I threw at him: "I have written to-day 10,000 words without stop. I finished my novel in exultation, in excitement."

He smiled divinely and lifted a hand. "Hit!"

I asked Arnold Bennett whether he thought he or Wells was the greater writer. At this my host's protruding upper lip seemed to stiffen and lengthen. "Look here," he said, "you are dining here at my house for the first time to-night, and you put me to the ordeal of answering such a question." Then his eyes twinkled with warm humour. "As a matter of fact," he said, "the answer is perfectly simple. Wells has by far, by far the greater mind, but I —" Here Arnold Bennett got stuck; his mouth worked convulsively. We all looked at him wishing, but not daring, to help him out. He put his hand to his mouth, as if to stop the loose play of the joints and hinges. "But I," he presently said, "I'm the better n-n-n-novelist. Wells doesn't know how to write a novel," he concluded quite effortlessly.

As we left, Bennett insisted in coming down with us and making sure that a separate taxi was called for everyone. Very courteous, I thought, but awkward for anyone who can't afford to pay for the taxi at the other end.

On another occasion the manuscript of 'The Old Wives Tale' again went round, and I no longer questioned its authenticity as a first and last draft. Having by luck alighted on a passage I liked, Osbert

Sitwell read it aloud. It was the passage which showed the wife looking at her dead husband, "who had once been young, had grown old, and now was dead," thinking of him without bitterness. But Osbert Sitwell, thinking of me, read in a surprised, resentful, almost accusing voice. Arnold Bennett sat there, quiet and demure, the "cher maître," surrounded by disciples of his art.

I commended a passage in Hugh Kingsmill's 'Dawn's Delay' which I thought got the salient points of Arnold Bennett's personality. Arnold Bennett, priding himself on the efficiency of his library, went out and came back with the book. I was enjoined to read the passage aloud to an audience which included Osbert Sitwell, Margaret Kennedy and Cynthia Noble. "An attempt," I read, "in the manner of Max Beerbohm. The gentleman examining the menu is Arnold Bennett. He is exuding a delight, naïve and profound, in the complex apparatus of a decadent and luxurious civilization, and in his own ability to handle that apparatus like a master. Note the head waiter's mixture of deference and affectionate esteem. The face in the background rising out of a mist, hair on end, eyes dilated with wonder, or horror, is the face of William Blake. I call it 'Astonishment of William Blake, who has been informed that Arnold Bennett is also a creative artist.'"

The last words fell on a constrained silence. Then Arnold Bennett said, wearily: "Well — yes —"

A year later I was surprised by the change in Arnold Bennett's appearance. It was as if after having pumped himself up as befits the undisputed foreman of British fiction, some jovial foe to pomposity had stuck a pin into him, and A. B. had fizzled out like a penny balloon. He was emaciated, even his shirt-front was soft—all the starch had gone out of him. But his head still went to one side a little stiffly, like that of a doll which you adjust as you please.

Arnold Bennett did not consider Galsworthy as in a class with himself, but understood why the practical uninspired Germans should regard him as significant, since he gave them all the handbook information about the English, which their Teutonic thirst for detail craved. Wells, on the other hand, referred to Galsworthy twice in my presence as a fastidious artist, while modestly describing himself as a mere journalist!

At another dinner, Bennett told a story about Sir Hall Caine, who, priding himself on his resemblance to Christ, was exhilarated to discover a striking resemblance to himself in an ikon displayed in a shop window in St. Petersburg. Approaching it, he saw, however, that it was a portrait of Hall Caine in an English bookshop.

Another evening, when H. G. Wells was dining with Bennett, the merits of Conrad came up for discussion over the port, and both novelists puffed out smoke over the quickly vanishing reputation of a writer once deemed too fastidious for the common, now puzzling to us, with his solemn retiring charlatanism—surely a new type in literature. The discussion moved between Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and, if I remember rightly, Desmond MacCarthy. Then Wells, with his faith in the regenerative contribution of youth, turned to me and said: "What do you think of it, Gerhardt?" Forgetting at the moment the ideal perfection of 'Typhoon,' I replied that Conrad was cheap wood, poor in grain, but with an expensive varnish. A cloying melodiousness, which seems imposed on the theme from outside and not arising naturally out of the subject. Wells looked baffled, while Bennett nodded approvingly. "Yes," he said, "first-rate stuff is not like that—more simple," and we rose to join the ladies.

Upstairs in the drawing-room I observed Bennett insisting on his esteemed colleague, H. G. Wells, occupying a more comfortable chair, and himself sitting down on a plain one beside him. Arnold Bennett was now quite thin, H. G. Wells gaining in rotundity; and there they sat, side by side, the two foremost novelists of England.

WHAT IS DISEASE?

"MEN that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that Fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once."

These words embody a far sounder conception of disease than is customary in orthodox medical doctrine to-day. The conduct of earthly life is really a kind of balancing feat; a continuously active adjustment to most varied and ever-varying circumstance. Within limits of difficulty, we nearly all of us can travel a certain distance, but the most skilful and the best-endowed fail to maintain even an unstable equilibrium beyond a well-marked finity. Regarded from this standpoint, disease is a relative failure in adaptation to forces without us, consequent either on the exceptional nature of those external forces, or on impotence or disharmony within us.

It is obvious that a body which is divided against itself is easily overpowered; but even the best organized human system cannot effectively resist an overwhelmingly superior enemy. In every pathological event, therefore, there are two factors: one individual, one environmental. Sometimes it is the one which is supernormal in difficulty; sometimes the other which is subnormal in power of adaptability or resistance. Commonly, both these abnormals are, in varying degrees, present.

Medical science has, in the last half century, concerned itself almost entirely with the external factors. The recognition of the part played by micro-organisms in epidemic disorders that throughout the centuries have figured so disastrously in human history is mainly responsible for the one-sided conception of disease so generally held, implicitly if not explicitly. Lately, it is true, the importance of maintaining physical fitness, in order the better to withstand bacterial invasion and climatic eccentricities, has begun to be appreciated; but personal hygiene still figures insignificantly in conventional medical practice and in conventional medical training.

Relative unfitness to maintain health in circumstances to which others adapt themselves with comparative ease may, however, be due not notably to any disregard of established hygienic rules, but to innate defects of body organization. Reference may here be made to a definition of disease embodied in an interesting and suggestive essay, by Sir Archibald Garrod, recently published by the Oxford University Press.* Having pointed out that health is a dynamic, not a static, condition, and that man "keeps rather than remains healthy," the author writes: "Man has to struggle against his own individual shortcomings on the one hand, and against physical agents, chemical poisons, and the attacks of pathogenic organisms on the other hand. What we describe as diseases are groups of symptoms, forming clinical and pathological pictures which portray that struggle." But even this otherwise excellent definition fails to distinguish between the continuous and satisfactory adjustments performed by a man in health and the less satisfactory adjustments or failures in adjustment, which alone can be regarded as characteristic of disease. More concise is Aristotle's statement: "Men are called healthy in virtue of an inborn capacity

of easy resistance to those unhealthy influences that may ordinarily arise; unhealthy in virtue of the lack of that capacity." This definition, however, overlooks the possibility of increasing or lessening any inborn capacity by practice or neglect.

Seeing that the symptoms which go to make up the picture of a disease are largely dependent on the individual constitution and the reactions of the patient, and that these vary with the individual, it follows that descriptions of disease can never be more than generalizations. Every young practitioner soon discovers how different are the illnesses of his patients from the descriptions of those illnesses in the text books he has studied.

Sometimes, of course, the differences are comparatively slight; but again it may be difficult to believe that the manifest disease and the disease described are fundamentally one and the same. As Thomas Laycock wrote, seventy years ago: "Each patient has a pathological as well as a mental and social individuality"; or, once more quoting Sir Archibald Garrod: "Individual cases of any particular disease, infective or other, are not exactly alike, as are the prints pulled from a lithographic block; they resemble rather the drawings made from the same model by individual members of a drawing class."

It is probable that as we climb the evolutionary ladder disease becomes more common and more varied. As F. W. Andrewes said in his *Linacre Lectures*: "A chronometer can suffer from a greater variety of defects than can an hour-glass." The more complicated the organism, the more points there are at which a break-down can occur.

Here another consideration arises. It is evidently impossible to define a really healthy man or a really healthy animal without reference to environment. Whole tribes of tropical peoples are virtually immune from many diseases to which inhabitants of the western world fall ready victims; and the converse is equally true. Some animals are susceptible to the attacks of micro-organisms which to other animals are harmless. Most of the carnivorous animals, for example, are immune from tuberculosis; while the barnyard fowl is immune from tetanus.

Nor should we, I think, too readily assume that our increasing or diminishing liability to this or that disease is necessarily due to our hygienic or dishygienic practices, or to our greater or lesser innate resisting power. The possibility of selective evolution among pathogenic micro-organisms should be borne in mind; and the increasing or decreasing "fitness" of a bacillary species may manifest itself in the human organism as increased or decreased morbidity.

There is no need to-day to adopt a fatalistic attitude, even towards those innate physical and psychic characteristics which we speak of as diatheses, temperaments, and the like. The discovery of the interrelations between such material infinitesimals as the vitamins and the endocrine secretions, on the one hand, and physical development, mental capacity and emotional trends, on the other, can but stir the imagination.

Who shall define the limits of a possible new art of plastic or reconstructive medicine? The victories of plastic surgery seem elementary by the side of these potentialities. In the words of Sir Archibald Garrod, "It may even be justifiable to claim that what our fathers called diathesis is only another name for chemical individuality."

QUAERO

* 'The Inborn Factors in Disease.' By Sir Archibald Garrod. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE COLONIAL POLICY OF FRANCE—II

BY FRANCOIS PIETRI

THERE are many German colonists in Togoland and the Cameroons. They have free access to these countries, in virtue of the principle of economic equality which is strictly applied there. Any immigrant who wants to go to Togoland or the Cameroons has only to observe the regulations applying to Frenchmen and foreigners.

The connecting links between the colonies and the mother country should be considered both from the political and economic points of view. Politically, a distinction should be made between the fully annexed countries governed and managed by French officials, and those under legislation varying with the time which has elapsed since the foundation of the colony and the habits of their inhabitants, and the protectorate countries (Tunisia, Morocco, Laos, Camodia, Annam, Tongking, etc.), which have native sovereigns and officials under the control of French functionaries.

From the economic standpoint, the greater part of the colonies' trade is done with France, except Indo-China, which does twice as much business with foreign countries (especially China) as with France. All are connected with the mother country by an adequate Customs organization, except Morocco, which is prevented by international agreements from according preferential treatment to France, but which nevertheless does four-fifths of her trade with that country.

The military forces in the colonies amount to about 170,000 men in Northern Africa, 27,000 in Indo-China, 15,000 in West Africa, and 12,000 in the rest of the colonial empire.

The Foreign Legion comprises about 17,000 men, divided into 10 regiments, of which 5 are in Northern Africa, 1 in the Levant and 4 in Indo-China. It consists chiefly of Germans, Russians and Bulgarians. Its duties are similar to those of the colonial troops, and Algerian, Moorish, Tunisian, Senegalese and Annamite infantry—which ensure the internal and external safety of the colonies and are used, in case of need, for the defence of the mother country. These troops have no special duty which differentiates them from any unit of the national army.

Foreigners are given every facility to install themselves in French colonies and work there. The local authorities welcome any form of enterprise and capital which will contribute to the general development.

Under the head of "advanced" colonies we may class all those whose political organization is virtually the same as that of French departments. This is the case with Guadeloupe, Martinique, Guiana, La Réunion, Senegal, Cochinchina, and the five sections of French India.

In these colonies, all the inhabitants, whether creoles, half-castes or negroes, are French citizens. They have deputies and senators (some of them are coloured men) in the French Parliament. No prejudice on the score of colour exists in any class of French society or political party. This was the case long ago, before France became a Republic.

The intellectual and moral development of these colonies stands very high. They are considered as similar to the metropolis.

Algeria occupies a special and even higher position. The large proportion of French in its population causes it to be regarded in all respects as forming an integral part of the national territory. It is administered by prefects, is under the direct control of the Ministry of the Interior, and all laws voted by Parliament apply to it nearly automatically. It is never described as a "colony."

For some time past French colonial policy has shown an innovation resulting from what is called the protectorate policy, which, in the majority of colonies of

recent date, has taken the place of the former policy of direct administration and complete assimilation. In the economic order of ideas we have also a closer and closer action on the part of the State, in the place of the system of big companies, which are now a thing of the past in our exterior territories.

The Government is now making plans to spend several milliards of francs on colonial works, except in Northern Africa, where development has reached an advanced stage.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSES!

BY PAUL VALERY

ONE of the essentials of art is to create, and poetical creation and the very essence of poetical sentiment can only develop through one medium, and that is language.

Like every other art, poetry is on the wane. This is due largely to the fact that nearly every element of poetical stimulation has become industrialized. In other words, men have succeeded in creating the sensation and the states of mind that constitute them, which hitherto were only roused by poetry, thanks to methods that are mostly mechanical and artificial. Radio, the cinema and the use of artificial lighting (which has a distinct capacity for rousing all sorts of emotions in the mind) are only three of the many methods by which sensation has been industrialized. Take, for instance, the facility with which man can now travel, and especially the speed at which he can cross from one continent to another. Instead of flying in imagination through worlds unknown and mysterious, the modern man has the actual sensation within reach; the annihilation of space, and the conquest of the air are methods of excitement that have been snatched from art. They are now at the disposal of all men in a way that is definitely industrial.

Because of this artificial development of sensation ancient arts have lost most of their attraction. The modern man has so many cheap methods of pandering to his emotions that he no longer turns to art for inspiration. Further, this enormous increase in the power of evoking sensation has been accompanied by an equally strong diminution in the culture of mankind. Men live too strenuously to find enjoyment in pursuits that require intense concentration as well as leisure. Since man tends more and more to attach value only to what has financial or material value, Art for Art's sake is to most men a shocking waste of time. "Time is money" has become the slogan of mankind.

The cultured men of the past were men for whom money was usually a very subsidiary thing. To-day a man is considered a wastrel who does not crowd fourteen hours' work into an eight-hour day. From which it follows that modern man is losing fast his capacity of artistic emotion and also proving more and more incapable of producing anything artistic of any depth. On the other hand we see a notable diminution of serious work.

I find this tendency virtually in every form of art, but in poetry it is even more strikingly so. Among the causes which have brought this about one of the strongest is what I shall call the volatilization of reading. The fact that we read only with our eyes, that the only style that counts to-day is the telegraphic and telephonic style, the fact that all languages are losing gradually any scientific basis that they may possess, and that they are gradually reducing themselves to forms of compressed notation have contributed immensely to the degeneration of culture in mankind. The modern newspapers have much to answer for; heavy is the responsibility which they have to shoulder. Open any newspaper that you may come across and what do you find in it? Nothing

but a jumbled juxtaposition of things that are absolutely heterogeneous. In almost every newspaper of to-day politics, crime, hygiene, sport and fashion together make an incoherent mosaic that is absolutely devoid of any artistic value. The effect upon the reader is calamitous. It is his only mental food, and his mind is gradually attuning itself to this discordance and to this continual lack of sequence. All the reader expects from his newspaper is shock, which he is looking for. The public is offered nothing but a cocktail of events with its breakfast. It is like a drink that is a stimulant but not a food. We must not forget that for ninety-nine men out of a hundred the daily paper is the sole spiritual guide and mentor. The immense majority of mankind have at best only one hour a day to give to reading, and this hour, which is usually spent either in the train or bus on the way to work, is almost always entirely given up to absorbing the gobbets of gossip and incoherent images that together constitute the modern newspaper.

Poetical creation is to-day hedged in with enormous difficulties, the inevitable outcome of modern life with its rush and ceaseless turmoil and the industrialization of aesthetics.

Poetry cannot exist with modern civilization. Years ago Gautier said that a civilized man had never made a really beautiful material, vase, saddle or weapon, and every century that we move on along the path of so-called civilization our capacity to create beautiful things dwindles more and more.

LITTLE RIVERS

BY ROY BISHOP

"THAMES, Severn, Trent, Great Ouse!" As a schoolboy the list annoyed me. I learned to shun the big rivers. They were too broad, too connected in my mind with perspiring men, brown ale on steamboats, amorous couples, overfed swans, and the bread of many sandwiches cast upon the waters. Yet, because the love of a river is inbred in the character of most people, I searched for smaller streams.

My ideal of what a little river should be has always been the Fleet, now prisoned below the busy streets. The Bourne Brook is also unromantically confined in great pipes, though its memory is preserved in the slope of Piccadilly. In Elizabeth's reign the Fleet was still a pleasant and important tributary, and the twin Bourne streams have seen much history on their way from the northern heights. But the little river in London has been choked by the builder, though the charming Wandle still preserves her soul.

Half way between Surbiton and Esher on the main Southern line a small signal box called Mole stands by a mill and some lush green fields bordering the little river of that name. It is a view that may possibly be seen for only another year, for a new building plan and a new station have already been decided upon. A few miles beyond, the Mole enters tranquilly the arms of the Thames in the calm shadow of Hampton Court, but its real fascination is not in this last phase. The Mole is a stream that has always commanded interest. Drayton, in 'Polyolbion,' a work worthy a modern edition, has a good deal to say about it. It has, indeed, a similar reputation to the sacred river which ran through caverns measureless to man down to a sunless sea. For, rising quietly in Sussex, the Mole comes through Surrey to Box Hill. Here, by Box Hill, it gave Keats daily inspiration during the writing of 'Endymion'; and it probably conveys more paper bags during Bank Holidays than any other river in England. These factors are fame in themselves—but it is in the next few miles that the Mole really distinguishes itself, for it is reputed to disappear in the exquisite vale of Mickleham. The place of its descent into the lower world is known as "The Swallows," and local legend

tells how a duck was observed to vanish in this place and to reappear in Leatherhead devoid of feathers. If only because of these eccentricities I love the Mole, but it possesses other attributes. It has a passion for the high road, as the motorist will find on a foggy night near Cobham or Hersham. It will rise into a flood at the first opportunity, and is definitely a river with a personality.

Some miles further down the Thames another little river finishes an interesting career. The Wey carries recollections of monasteries, Canterbury pilgrims, pioneer aviators, and desperate battles between the military forces of Blueland and Redland. It stamps the Surrey countryside with its sudden and beautiful appearances. Although it has given its name to Weybridge, its own town is surely Guildford, at the foot of whose steep hill it so submissively flows. Further on, marking the meeting point of Surrey, Berkshire, and Hampshire, the little river Blackwater pursues a rather mysterious way through the fields by Sandhurst. It has a reputation for depth, and has gained immortality in War Office records as being the eternal resting place of an unfortunate army horse concerning whose death in these waters a voluminous correspondence was only checked by the outbreak of the Great War. Like the Wey, the Blackwater is one of England's military rivers, upon whose banks our commanders have learned the first lessons of defence.

The lure of the little river persists. Especially favourite are Till of the Scottish Border, and the Devon Teign, which is akin to Mole, because Keats loved them both. The green-banked curves of the Tamar are exquisite, and so is that first reach, called Hamoaze, where there is ever such a fuss and bustle of naval picket boats, and raising and lowering of colours at the heads of masts. They are all good, these little rivers of Devon—the Yealm, with its twin villages of Newton and Noss, and the calm green country which is watered by the Exe between Exeter and Tiverton. No steamboats, no brass bands. Only the shade of trees, bird song, and the occasional jewelled flash of the kingfisher.

SPRING SONG

BY ELEANOR M. PARNELL

FROM my spirit a song
Rich with praises shall rise,
I will scatter triumphant
My joy to the skies.

My voice cannot equal
The call of desire,
But the birds that are greeting
The dawn, are my quire.

I cannot be fleet
As I would, to surround
The earth with the sweet
Of the joy I have found.

But though I myself may not
Wing to the height,
The skylark shall carry
My song of delight;
In the rustle of leaves,
In the fall of the rain,
My song shall be uttered
Again and again;
In the peace after storm
Shall be heard its refrain,
In the lighting of dark,
In the easing of pain.

For the joy that has come now,
Will evermore come;
The song of life's beauty
Can never be dumb.

TWO PARIS SHOWS

BY SHANE LESLIE

AFTER the crowded alleys of Burlington House—the French Salon—miles of pictures and acres of applied paint housed in a building as large and airy as St. Pancras Station—brings one the happy thought: Why not send the Royal Academy to the Crystal Palace in future?

The chief difference between pictures in Paris and London seems to be one of imagination. The Salon does not appear to reject pictures at all. They pour there from the whole world, from Belfast or Japan. Many are worse than the Academy's worst, but some are touched by the imaginative ray which is rarer in a British artist. It takes two hours to walk round the French pictures and it is exhausting to pick out the dozen which might pass to the Luxembourg. The dozens of nudes are as dull as no doubt the models felt themselves. Ledas are scarce this year. The war is disappearing from art, but there are some poignant scenes. The most striking is—*sous les fusants*—an artillery wagon being shelled.

What else catches eye or memory? Barrenscheen's beautiful young Rabbi resembles a Christ in the hat and soutane of the French clergy. Bergier's study of Avignon in the blue mists of morning challenges New York skyscrapers for weird power and strength. Cahen Michel's green study of clouds dancing over a forest comes like a breeze in a huge hot-house. Dubois' life-size camels in streaky black and white would make a magnificent poster for the Colonial Exposition. There are rare amethysts and umbers in Leroux's 'Return from Vintage in Tuscany.' From Egypt comes an Adoration of the Magi by Anissa Michriki, which, however homely, is probably more like the real thing than our medieval glamourings. Kurt Peiser has painted a blind concertina player in the style of Rembrandt. Verdier's 'Cardinal Verdier' is a family picture in every sense of the word. The great preacher Janvier looks unnecessarily unpleasant—the last of the Dominican orators. There are the usual Breton scenes, still-life, studies of Notre Dame Cathedral, glacial American women, rapes, hospital scenes.

However, to-day (May 7) a greater show is being opened by the President—the Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes. The sun is glittering on the Arab cavalry—the Cuirassiers are playing a fanfaronade—the Cabinet, dressed like undertakers, are saluting the Emperor of Annam in a frock coat of golden silk. It is Marshal Lyautey's day. The entire wood of Vincennes has been turned into a mixture of Wembley, World's Fair, Earl's Court and White City, with the Zoo and the Serpentine thrown in. Colossal temples, fantastic towers and pagodas cut the skyline. At the entrance is a monument commemorating all Empire-makers. One side is dedicated to English names from Cabot to Cecil Rhodes. We read the names of Wakfield, Makenzie, Benkinck [*sic*] and feel what matter the spelling *pourvu que le geste soit beau*!

The Exhibition is planned on too vast a scale to be nearly finished. By July it will be a dream out of the 'Arabian Nights.' As it is, it is chaos. Hundreds of unfinished booths and bazaars, Bedouins, elephants, emus, Arabs, lions, ostriches. But it will need a Dictator with an army corps working day and night. . . . The sun is beaming upon the Corps Diplomatique. The Exhibition has been declared open after hours of speechifying. Everybody is exhausted except a colony of apes, for whom a small and secluded mountain has been built. The guns are firing. Perhaps the Republic has remembered the salute long owing to her great Pro-Consul. He has come into his own to-day. *Vive Lyautey*! And for the moment Paris forgets the duel of placards between Coty and Briand over the Presidential stakes.

TWO LONDON SHOWS

BY ADRIAN BURY

MR. RICHARD SICKERT has now assumed such an importance in contemporary art that everything he paints must be considered by the critic and public. There are enthusiasts who will say that Mr. Sickert is a supreme artist, that in spite of academic honours he is still a major star in the firmament of modernism. Let us accord Mr. Sickert his due. He is and has always been an individualist, and some of his paintings and etchings should give him a place among the lesser immortals. But we have yet to be convinced that the work he has exhibited recently at the Royal Academy and the pictures at the Leicester Galleries entitled 'English Echoes' are more than the frivolous exploits of a very facile and amusing personality. Mr. Sickert's virtue and fault are that he is a wit. He is in fact far wittier than he is profound, and his passion to do what others do not or cannot do sometimes leads him into the labyrinthine paths of curious originality.

Mr. Sickert is in the habit of amusing himself in art, but whether he impresses us is questionable. Anyone who takes his exhibition at the Leicester Galleries as a serious contribution to painting is devoid of a sense of proportion. 'English Echoes' are a series of adaptations in oils from the work of Victorian artists such as John Gilbert, Georgie Bowers, Kenny Meadows, anonymous woodcuts and photographs. They are sprightly translations from one medium to another, and their merit is in Mr. Sickert's rapid method of interpreting one artist's work in the terms of another's. But we still ask why anyone with his powers should spend energy in painting such a portrait from a photograph as 'The Tichborne Claimant.' There is no student who could not achieve fifty similar pictures in less than a week, and the same criticism applies to the study of 'Walter Savage Landor.' We must admit that some of these pictures are distinguished in colour. The one entitled '48,' after Francesco Sargent, is quite beautiful in its lighting of the arch and the suggestion of an unruly crowd. The colour stains on 'Glencora' are charming, the spontaneity of 'The Beautiful Mrs. Swears' is ecstatic, the 'Dublin from Phoenix Park' is lyrical, but none of these qualities fills us with that reverence and amazement that we hope to gain from Mr. Sickert's genius.

If Mr. Sickert occasionally takes himself too humorously, Sir William Rothenstein is inclined to take himself too seriously in the technical sense of paint. His works at the Goupil Galleries are as conscientious as Mr. Sickert's are effortless. Sir William is a laborious painter. He is an artist who strives with great concentration. It is extremely interesting to follow his development over a period of forty years. If there is one picture in this collection which moves us to unstinted praise it is 'A Girl in Black,' painted in 1893. This is a perfectly considered piece of work, in colour, composition and drawing. It is full of exquisite feeling and grace. We prefer it infinitely to such an obvious and ordinary study as 'The Young Girl in Hessian Peasant Dress,' painted in 1930, and the 'Interior of the Artist's Studio at Iles Farm,' 1918.

In the latter picture, Sir William has looked too closely into the details of the timbers of the barn roof. These have been rendered too carefully at the expense of the objects in the foreground. Nor do we think, notwithstanding the artist's sincere intention, that 'Sunset Over the Lake of Geneva,' showing a woman at an open window, is quite suitable for dignified expression in paint. It is far too pretty a subject to interpret literally. There is, however, a certain splendour in 'The Little Boy Lost,' with its large and luminous spaces in the sunny barn. Sir William is a better draughtsman than painter, and his drawings on the whole are livelier than his oils.

BETRAYED BY HER HUSBAND

BY ANDRÉ BIRABEAU

(From the French)

AS he entered the drawing-room, M. Chaberolles saw his wife talking to an elegant woman whose face and figure were unfamiliar. He bowed gracefully and waited for Mme Chaberolles to present him. Then, to his surprise, she remarked "This is a cook who has come to see me."

"Ah, ah," said her husband, as instinctively and rapidly he regained an attitude of indifference while Mme Chaberolles examined the papers before her.

"These references are not up to date," she remarked. "The latest is more than a year old. Haven't you had a situation since then?"

"No, Madame," was the reply. "But this is hardly my fault. I have been in prison."

The Chaberolles made a gesture of astonishment. The cook, quite unmoved, continued: "Solange Doucet! Have you forgotten the case? The woman who scalded her husband fatally? You don't remember? Well, I admit it isn't easy to remember all the cases; there are so many of them nowadays. There is very little in it. Things used to be different. They told me in the prison that formerly when a woman killed her husband, her future was assured. She received endless letters asking for her hand and offering a right or left hand in exchange; she had no anxieties. Ah, well, all that is of the past. I'm afraid the men are *blasés*. I can assure you that I did not receive a single offer of marriage. The proof of this lies in the fact that I am obliged to start work all over again."

Husband and wife looked at the young cook with a certain uneasiness. "Have you told us this," said M. Chaberolles, "in the hope that it . . . that it will lead . . . to your obtaining a situation?"

She smiled lightly and shrugged her shoulders.

"Not at all, sir. It is merely the truth. What I have told you is not the plea of my counsel at the Court. When I explained to him how things happened, he said, 'It is quite possible that everything is as you say, but we must find a plea that is more helpful.' And he discovered what he called my martyrdom. But the real truth is that everything that happened was due to the newspaper under my gas stove—Listen." She paused for a moment. "The story of my jealousy was humbug," she went on; "I wanted to marry and I took Lucien as I would have taken anybody else. He was a good bit older than I, he was nothing much to look at—though I admit he was honest, obliging—but to be frank, he wasn't one of the men you would dream about. I said 'Yes' to him when he asked me because I was like all other women, and believed I should be something altogether different and more complete when I married."

"Well, just when we were going to arrange the date of the great day, Lucien, blushing up to the white of his eyes, poor fellow, made his confession. 'Solange, dear,' he said, 'I'm afraid we must wait a little while, if you don't mind very much. The fact is that there is somebody else. We've been friends a long time, she's very fond of me and it's going to hurt her terribly. I must prepare her for the parting, little by little, and I haven't yet made a start. . . .'

"Well, the best proof that I have no jealousy lies in what I did then. We had been offered a job as man and wife, a well-paid job in the house of a wealthy banker whose bank has never suspended payment. He was setting up a little establishment—it seemed a pity to lose the chance by delaying marriage. So I said to Lucien: 'Listen, dear, it would be absurd of us

to let a job like the one we have accepted slip through our fingers. Let us get married and you can go and see your little friend as if nothing had happened until you can break things to her gently.' He thought this was a reasonable thing to do and we did it."

"Three times a week after dinner Lucien would sigh deeply, embrace me tenderly and go out. He would return a few hours later and he would tell me what she had said to him and what he had said to her. I often gave him sound advice. 'Don't frighten her, we don't want any troubles or scandals.' I knew that he felt the position more keenly than I did, for he was in love with me."

"It was then that the paper under the gas stove intervened so tragically."

"As you know, Madame," continued the young cook, turning to Mme Chaberolles, "one always puts a paper under the gas range for cleanliness; it takes the dripping from the plates, the burnt matches, and so on. I put a paper in place one day. I've forgotten which paper, and it doesn't matter, the tragedy is that I placed it right side up."

"You, sir," continued Solange Doucet, turning this time to M. Chaberolles, "you perhaps do not realize how a cook must serve her stove. More than twenty times a day you find yourself before it. You are looking after the casserole, you are seeing that the water boils, you are attending to the vegetables. All the day your eyes are attracted to the sheet of paper under the stove. And all day I was reading the same headlines:

" 'M. Briand makes a speech in favour of world peace.'

" 'A collision between two trains at Valence throws the service into disorder.'

" 'Torrential rain is falling in Nice.'

" 'Betrayed by her husband, a cook pours boiling water over him.'

"Do you hear that—'Betrayed by her husband, a cook pours boiling water over him.' Ah, I can recite the paragraph by heart:

A drama unrolled itself suddenly yesterday, creating painful emotion in the Rue Scheffer. A cook, Josephine Berger, aged 26, in the service of Mr. A., a manufacturer, had reason to suspect the fidelity of her husband for a long time past. Following a painful dispute, she seized a saucepan of boiling water and poured it over the head of the unfortunate man (*continued on page 5*).

"I never read the continuation. I never lifted up my stove-paper. You will understand I was not reading out of curiosity. Those lines leapt to my eyes, in spite of me."

"Think of my situation. Twenty times a day, all day long, for a month. Ah, those lines finished by becoming a part of my daily life. It was as though somebody shouted the same words into my ears day by day, hour by hour. If anybody had told me that M. Briand had spoken of anything but peace at any time in any gathering, I should not have believed it. I saw Valence in the throes of an unending railway accident, the service in complete disorder. A friend of mine was engaged to go to Nice as a lady's maid, and I found myself saying to her, 'But you can't go, torrential rains are falling on that unhappy town.' As to cooks betrayed by their husbands!!!"

"Do you, sir and Madame, understand? Twenty times a day the same words, the same thoughts for a month. In the midst of my work—a part of my life."

When I cleaned my casseroles, when I polished my knives, when I cooked the cutlets, when I waited awhile between one job and another. Ah, it was like the hurdy-gurdy under one's window, you end by humming the tune that has driven you to distraction. The time came when I saw M. Briand, the Apostle of Peace, addressing in pouring rain the crowd assembled to see the wreckage in Valence station, while in a sheltered corner an angry woman with one hand on a saucepan awaited the coming of the betrayer.

"Then the tragedy happened. One evening, in my kitchen, Lucien came to me, ready to go out. 'Where are you going?' I demanded. He replied a little impatiently: 'You know well enough. It is Saturday, I am going to Elise.'

"Then the truth struck me for the first time; I realized that I was a cook betrayed by her husband. A saucepan of water was boiling on the stove. In a moment I had seized it and poured the water over him. It was the only thing I could do. . . ."

There was a moment's silence, broken by Mme Chaberolles. "I quite understand," she said coldly, "but, in the circumstances, I feel I cannot engage you."

"It does not matter in the least, Madame," said Solange Doucet with dignity.

* * *

When she had gone, M. Chaberolles breathed a sigh of relief. "You were right, dear," he said. "We should hardly have looked well here with a murderess in our service."

His wife shrugged her shoulders, impatiently.

"I don't worry myself about that," she said, "it is her affair. But did you listen to all she said? It is as clear as daylight that that woman kept the paper under her stove for a month without changing it. I put up with a good bit in my kitchen, but at least I will have it kept clean."

SPEED

BY DAMON

THE speed of horses. Noble, from far-off days
Faithful and fleet, bringing to man, their lord,
(With clanging and clattering hooves down the mighty
courses

Of desert ways, or over the sprinkled sward)
The gift and the glory of running, the speed of horses.

Speed of the wheel. Old is the craft of the wright,
Older than splendid chariots, older than Troy.
Steam serves to-day, and lightning; the world is netted
with steel;
Children of light and of dark are harnessed to make
the joy,
The exultation of speed, the speed of the wheel.

The speed of wings. Fair flight of eagle and swallow,
Envied long of man who yearned to adventure in air!
He wrought a flying dragon, and now he is glad and
sings
The birds' way to follow, to swoop, greatly to dare
Down blue, invisible ways with the speed of wings.

The speed of thought. At the mystic bidding of Will
Thought goes thridding the stars, on a thousand ways,
As on the edge of a whirlpool circling caught,
But within—how still, how rapt at the centre stays
When it wins to the far-off goal, to the end of thought.

THE FILMS TWO KINDS OF LOVE

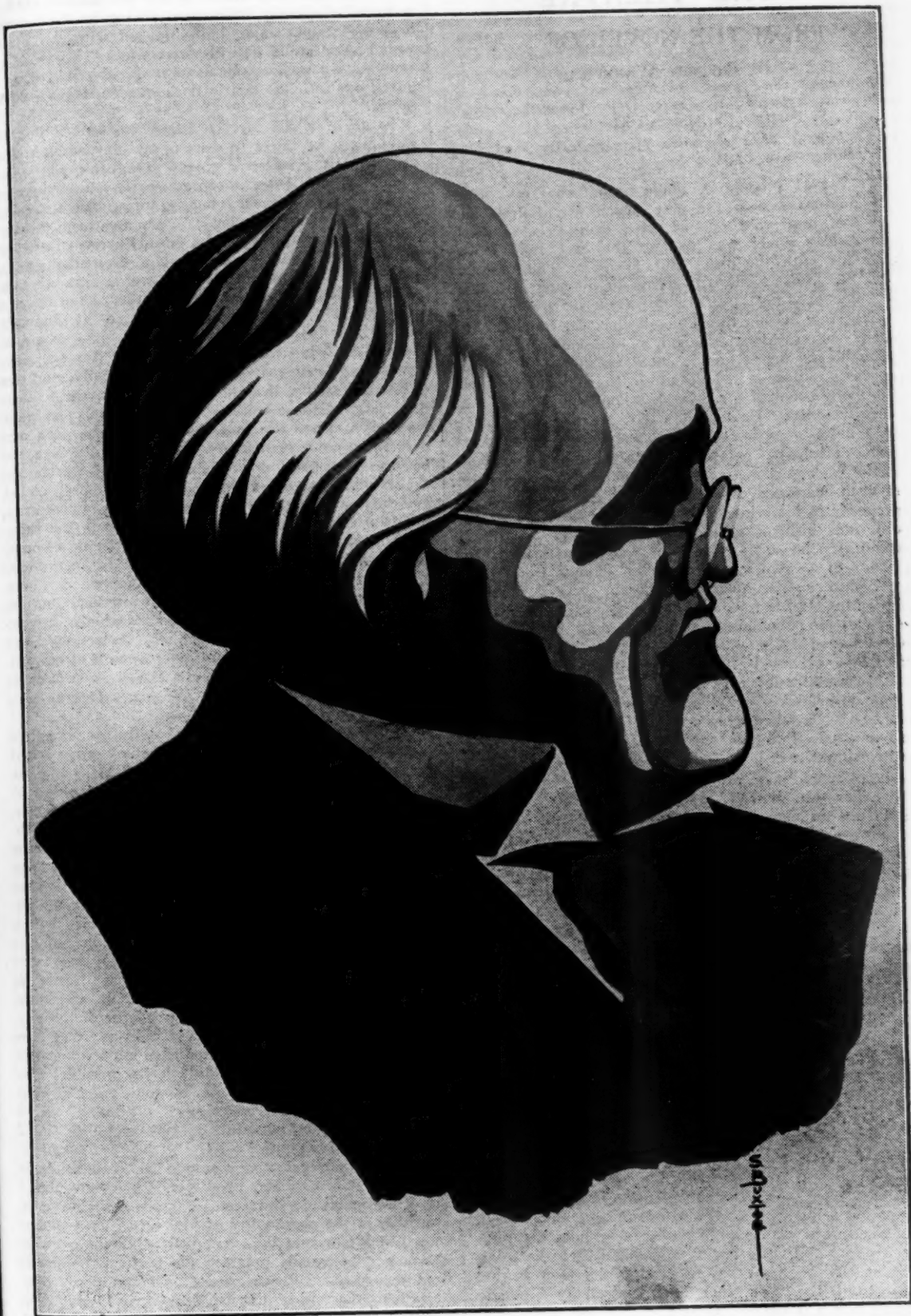
BY MARK FORREST

The Royal Family on Broadway. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. The Plaza.

The Right to Love. Directed by Richard Wallace. The Carlton.

THE new picture at the Plaza this week is supposed to be a satire upon the Barrymore family in America. They have long held a somewhat special position in the theatre in New York, but have hardly acquired a sufficient importance over here to make such a satire interesting to the British public by reason of its personal allusions. In the film the family is called Cavendish; it consists of Julia and her brother, Tony, their mother, Fanny, and Julia's daughter, Gwen. The extraordinary and extravagant behaviour of this quartette is at times genuinely funny, but the antics of Tony, who has so far besmirched the family escutcheon and demeaned himself as to become a film star, are rather monotonous. Frederic March, who plays this part, manages to look very like John Barrymore, and his performance is much in advance of the one which he gave in 'Laughter'; at the same time, his ranting and raving are apt to become as tiresome in an entertainment as they would do in real life. Similarly, one gets rather bored with the grand manner of the old lady, Fanny, and as the picture proceeds is more and more thankful for the presence of Julia and her daughter. Ina Claire, who plays what I suppose to be the counterpart of Ethel Barrymore, makes no attempt to imitate that fine actress, but gives far and away the best performance in the film and touches the finer points of the character with lightness and understanding. Mary Brian, as her daughter, has very little to do, but does that little nicely. The plot turns upon the old question of whether an actress should or can ever leave the stage and settle down to a quiet life. Gwen tries it, but returns; Julia never even gets out of New York, and the final sequence shows her millionaire content to leave her to the lights of the "limes," while he returns to the light of the stars. There is plenty of humour in this picture for those who like the particular brand, and the direction is sound, but I must say that, except for Ina Claire's delightful performance, I did not enjoy myself as much as I expected to do or—I rather suspect—as much as I ought.

Just as Ina Claire makes the picture at the Plaza something a little out of the ordinary, so Ruth Chatterton embellishes 'The Right to Love' at the Carlton. The Paramount Company and the director have asked a good deal from her and that she does not quite succeed is no disgrace. She "doubles" the rôles of herself and her own daughter, and by the new process of superimposition a number of clever "shots" result from this, but her performance of the young girl is inclined to be lifeless. In addition to the technical achievement which permits Ruth Chatterton to pass and repass herself on the screen, there is a further one which has eliminated all the "crackle" from the negative. The film is shod with rubber heels, so to speak. This innovation has apparently pleased the engineers so much that there are long pauses in the dialogue, which have no other purpose than to demonstrate this silence. So slow is the tempo that 'The Right to Love' loses rather than gains from the invention, and the average person, having noticed the stillness and exclaimed "How marvellous," will be hard put to it, with such an added inducement to sleep, to keep his attention from wandering.



LORD PARMOOR

THE THEATRE

"FROM THE NOVEL OF . . ."

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Payment Deferred. By Jeffrey Dell. From the novel of C. S. Forester. St. James's Theatre.

Recollections of a Defective Memory. By Fred Kerr. Butterworth. 15s.

I WISH I could persuade myself that my disappointment with the play which Mr. Jeffrey Dell has fabricated out of Mr. Forester's intensely interesting novel was due to the fact that I was familiar with the plot. But I can't. The piece at the St. James's Theatre seems to me just one more argument against the dramatization of good novels.

Not that within the limits he has set himself, Mr. Dell has not done his job as conscientiously, and probably as neatly, as it could be done. Whatever it was possible to include within the hideous walls of the living-room of Mr. Marble's house in Dulwich has been included. He tells how Mr. Marble, an employé at a bank, in order to escape from pressing financial embarrassments, poisons a relative and buries him in the back garden; how the murder is never detected, or even suspected, how Mr. Marble gambled with the proceeds of his crime, and grew rich; how his wealth did not bring happiness, but, on the contrary, calamity; how his daughter was transformed, by means of an expensive education, from a timid little girl into a discontented, arrogant young woman; how Mr. Marble took unto himself, found momentary comfort in the arms of, and was subsequently blackmailed by, an unscrupulous French dressmaker; and how eventually he was suspected of the murder of his wife, though actually she had committed suicide. It is only fair to say that all these incidents, which Mr. Dell has taken from the novel, do at least provide an unusual, if not an entirely satisfactory, evening's entertainment.

I referred just now to the limits which Mr. Dell has set himself. Of these, by far the most injurious is the confinement of the action to the living-room, with the consequent omission of the two most memorable ingredients of Mr. Forester's novel, and the further and more disastrous consequences that an intensely interesting study of a terror-haunted criminal becomes a series of mere episodes. For instance, that little French dressmaker who became his mistress—why was she important in the novel? Not for the commonplace story of a petty blackmailer, which is all the play has to give us; but rather for that moment in the private room above some West End restaurant, when, the bill being paid and the waiter gone for good, Mr. Marble "had a sudden awful suspicion that someone was interfering with the flower-bed in his backyard," and fled panic-stricken back to Dulwich.

True, the intrigue is not without importance to the plot. More than anything else it was responsible for Mrs. Marble's suicide. But in place of the letter which discovered it to Mrs. Marble in the novel, in the theatre we have once again the ridiculous business of a conversation being overheard and misinterpreted. When, oh when, will playwrights realize that people cannot open doors and enter rooms and stand there listening and at last go away again, closing the door behind them, and the whole thing be unnoticed by a person sitting half a dozen feet away!

But this is a minor fault. The essential weakness of the adaptation is its failure to convey the mental agony of Mr. Marble, who, throughout the years between the murder and the suicide, was the victim of a secret, ineradicable terror that by some accident his crime might be detected. The picture of Mr. Marble as I

best remember him from Mr. Forester's novel, is one which we are never shown at the St. James's: that of a wretched, lonely little man, sitting in the unused, fireless drawing-room, half-stupefied with the whisky which alone could dull his fear, while "his mind was working out possibilities of unimaginable horror, as he gazed out into the nearly dark garden which held his secret."

To all of which Mr. Dell may answer: "Yes, but wouldn't it be fairer to discuss my play without referring to Mr. Forester's novel? Oughtn't you to ask yourself—not 'Does it reproduce the more important features of the novel?' but, ignoring the novel altogether, 'Is it a good play?'" My answer to this very plausible complaint would be that 'Payment Deferred' is manifestly not a play, but a dramatization; an attempt, that is, to reproduce a novel in dramatic form. And if I disregard the novel altogether, I am forced to say that, as a play, 'Payment Deferred' is thoroughly bad art. It begins dramatically, and ends even melodramatically, but throughout its many (far too many) intervening scenes it is only spasmodically, and comparatively mildly, dramatic. Moreover, the incidents occurring in these middle scenes are only indirectly consequent upon the fact that Mr. Marble is a murderer. Stripped of their psychological significance, they become mere padding in the story of Mr. Marble, and useful chiefly to defer the payment till eleven o'clock and the final curtain. Thus there is a lack of continuity; there is no development; things happen in the living-room, and that is all. In the novel, the development and continuity are psychological; that is, in the mind of Mr. Marble; and the things that happen are introduced, not for their intrinsic interest, but as causes or consequences of Mr. Marble's psychological condition. Mr. Dell's "Selections from 'Payment Deferred'" are no more a work of dramatic art than the Corporation Band's "Selections" of the more familiar melodies from Wagner's Operas are a work of musical art.

With regard to the acting, I thought Mr. Laughton utterly miscast as the suburban bank-clerk. I have the greatest admiration for the genius of Mr. Laughton, but I cannot blind myself to the fact that every character he plays acquires a tinge of abnormality. And Mr. Marble is essentially a normal man. Mr. Laughton seemed to recognize this, and for most of the play subdued his acting—to the point of dullness even! But whenever the cue came for Emotion and he "let himself go" for a moment, the result was impressive and histrionically magnificent, but it wasn't Mr. Marble! Miss Louise Hampton and Miss Elsa Lanchester, as the wife and daughter, were entirely satisfactory; as also was Miss Jeanne de Casalis, who played the blackmailer. Oh, and lastly, just one word to Mr. Ayliff, the producer of the play. The walls of the living-room are hideous; they have to be hideous, and we in the audience must suffer them as best we can. But wouldn't it be possible, after (say) the third or fourth scene, by some trick of lighting to alleviate our sufferings? Wouldn't it, if possible, be also merciful? And wouldn't it, if merciful, be also politic?

Perhaps the "defective memory" is responsible for the fact that few of Mr. Fred Kerr's "recollections" are of any particular interest. A more probable cause, however, is the personality of Mr. Kerr, who appears to be, in his private life, very little different from the characters he usually portrays (so perfectly!) in well-bred comedies. "Sensational" things don't often happen to the typical English gentleman! But if his recollections are more pleasant than exciting, he has much that is thoughtful and courageous to say about his own profession, and especially the new Trade Union spirit in the theatre. I commend this book to the attention of actors, playwrights, managers and critics; it is only the "general reader" who may find it rather empty.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

MR. EVES AND THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The employment by artists of adventitious aids to pencil and brush is certainly no new thing, for nearly a hundred years ago Joseph Farington, who was himself a prominent Royal Academician, made use of the camera obscura, photography being then unknown, and records the fact in his diary without the least hesitation. On August 14, 1794, he says: "After breakfast we went to the Observatory (Greenwich), where Dr. Maskelyne showed me the Camera at the top of the Observatory. Finding it would answer me to trace the outline of the view of London from it, I procured the doctor's leave."

On the other hand, at an exhibition in Bond Street, some forty years ago, of paintings by a foreign artist named Jan Van Beers, one of the pictures was described as the famous "tableau gratté," because the artist, when accused of having painted on a photograph, had scraped away some of the paint in court, and successfully demonstrated that the charge was false. Perhaps the justification of the use of photographic help depends upon the open admission of the fact, and the extent to which it is employed.

Eastbourne

I am, etc.,

WALTER CRICK

SEEING BACKWARDS

SIR,—Owing to the accident of travel, I have only just seen Mr. Wyatt Tilby's review of 'An Adventure,' which has doubly interested me, because of the metaphysical interpretation of the story and because the story itself has changed, or my memory deceives me.

The only version I know was given years ago by Andrew Lang in, I think, the *Morning Post*. But in the story as he related it, there was no reference, so far as I can remember, to any conversation between the ladies who had the vision of Versailles in 1789 and any person figuring in the vision. It is so long ago that details of the story escape me, but I cannot believe that a detail so vitally affecting the psychic implications of the story could have escaped my memory. What struck me so deeply at the time was Lang's statement that the ladies' vision could not have arisen from anything they could have known or from any telepathic communion with the mind of any of their contemporaries. The reason he gave for this assurance was that some building or incident in their vision was unknown to history at the time they related their experience, but was corroborated by subsequent discovery. Consequently I have always looked upon the story as an unimpeachable instance of "seeing backwards." Reference will be difficult, but not impossible, and when I can spare time I propose to look up the article in question and see if I have erred.

There are no doubt other stories of seeing backwards, as Mr. C. B. Davy has pointed out, but none so well documented and untainted by possible charlatanism. But is there any story, documented or not, which relates a "seeing forward" a century? For this it seems to me is what is implied in the ladies' talk with the gardener, related in the version with which Mr. Tilby dealt.

If the ladies actually talked with the eighteenth-century gardener of their vision, then, does it not follow that on a day in 1789 a gardener working at Versailles had a vision of two quaintly dressed ladies walking in

the garden of Versailles as it was to be in 1901, and they spoke to him and he replied? Was he afraid of being laughed at, or did he, as would be natural, tell the story of his vision? If he did, what would not a metaphysician give for his story? For it was as if Mr. Wells's inventor, travelling into the past on his time-machine, had met a man of another century travelling into the future, and they had passed the time of day. See how time, that great illusion, creeps into all we think and say! Yet, on a day in 1789, it was for a moment annihilated.

I am, etc.,

THE STUFF OF DREAMS

BABY-CAR SPEED

SIR,—Everyone must welcome the victory of baby cars in the "Double-Twelve," as this is a class in which Britain has always taken the lead. At the same time, however, I feel that the average speed of 65 odd m.p.h. is a little disappointing.

Before the war a 1914 Singer Ten (the first light car, as we understand the type to-day) established a one-hour record of over 64 m.p.h., and for nine hours maintained an average of 62½ m.p.h.

Have we, after all, progressed so far in these seventeen years?

I am, etc.,

Englefield Green

P. BUSK

MURDEROUS MOTORS

SIR,—Having been knocked over by a motor-lorry and survived, I am lucky. But the incident in itself does not demand public attention. We are all of us wanted, but not very much. *Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*, as Matthew Arnold pleasantly remarked to the portly jeweller who feared the recurrence of Müller the murderer on a suburban railway line. I came, however, on the following passage from a book on 'The Evolution of England,' by Mr. J. A. Williamson, which seems sufficiently striking as a comment on the present perils of London highways:

There are more deaths on the road in a week-end than on the railways in a year, and they are generally set down to accident, as if it was impossible to prevent them. This attitude is almost universal. It is part of the spirit of the post-war age, and it does not manifest an advance in civilization. It is often argued that this is the price of prosperity, although in most cases it is really the price of pleasure. The fact is that this country has developed one morality for road traffic and another for the remaining functions of life.

This being so, what is the mere pedestrian to do? Two points occur to me:

1. He is entitled to make his voice heard as well as that of the motorist. The motor trade is supported by vast powers of advertisement and special writers who proclaim that in any accident the person on foot is generally at fault. How such a generalization can be made without a detailed and careful study of many accidents and the possession of unbiased eyes, I do not know.

2. As motors are being accelerated, it would only be fair to increase the number of refuges in the middle of the road which halve the dangers of crossing for those on foot. The busy road where I was knocked down has none. In the intervals of arranging London Lidos and pleasure gardens Mr. Lansbury might turn his mind to a little practical point like this, bringing his mellifluous influence to bear on the Minister of Transport. After all, I do not know that the walkers are less valuable to the community than the motorists, though they may not always be quick enough to remain alive.

The time may come, of course, when, as my friends the Gordons noted in Los Angeles, a man walking home on foot will be questioned by the police as a suspicious

character, a car being as necessary a certificate of respectability as a gig was in Carlyle's day. But at present, though my greengrocer has a car and I have not, I walk the streets without being suspected of any plot against the public weal.

Hotel Alexandra,
Lyne Regis

I am, etc.,
V. RENDALL

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE

SIR,—The Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England state that matrimony is not to be counted as a "Sacrament of the Gospel," yet they do not deny the use of the word "Sacrament" in the sense of moral obligation. A solemn vow of life-long union is made and God's blessing on that union is deliberately invoked by the parties concerned: Any "break away" after this can only be "blasphemous in the attempt and calamitous in the outcome." The Catholic Church intends marriage to be the application of the man and the woman to a life of sacrifice for each other: as soon as the belief in the sacrifice of complete surrender dies, the whole significance of Christian marriage will die also.

Mr. J. F. Worsley-Boden would seem to imply that a law which is good enough for the State should be good enough for God. Apart from the fact that this is approaching the Almighty as though He were the head of a firm of solicitors, there is a more practical objection: State Law is made by Society for its own protection and is negative in its nature; Church Law is made as far as possible to harmonize with the Will of God and is therefore essentially positive.

"I am going out from Rome. I offer neither quarters, nor provisions, nor wages; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, death." This was Garibaldi's demand of his men: A paraphrase of this is Our Lord's demand of the Christian. If we are to profess discipleship of Christ, our attitude to marriage cannot be divorced from Him.

I am, etc.,
Oxford Carlton Club WILLIAM H. BATHURST

SUMMER TIME

SIR,—I should like to say how heartily I agree with the comments of your correspondent Mr. W. A. Hirst on the subject of the Daylight Saving Act.

The people of this country have never had an opportunity of registering their opinion upon a matter which has such an important bearing on their health and working conditions. The citizens of some other countries and towns have been more fortunate in this respect, and, when consulted, have spoken with no uncertain voice against the measure.

In this connexion it is interesting to note that Summer Time has been discarded by Australia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Kenya Colony, Mexico, Norway, Portugal, Spain and Sweden.

There would appear to be two schools of thought on this important matter—one school, we must assume, advocates variable or alternating clock time, the other, constant clock time. But until it can be demonstrated beyond dispute that the Daylight Saving Act has advanced the general well-being, the "Summer Time" party have no case. On the other hand, those who believe in constant Greenwich mean time point to the irrefutable proofs of experience.

I am, etc.,
Sydenham, S.E.26 G. M. T.

INFALLIBILITY

SIR,—No one can have any possible objection to the letter of Mr. T. D. Lowe, which appeared in your last edition, but if he must tell us Catholics how foolish we

are to believe in Papal Infallibility, it would be only common justice to get his facts correct.

First with regard to Galileo's condemnation. Galileo was condemned by the Congregation of the Index, a body which neither had, nor could have any pretensions to the possession of infallibility at all. Therefore that question has no possible bearing upon the question at issue.

With regard to the letter of Honorius to the patriarch Sergius, Mr. Lowe treads on very dangerous ground. He no doubt knows the definition of Papal Infallibility, and that the conditions necessary are that the Pope, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, must either define or condemn the question at issue. Honorius did none of these things. It is true indeed that the Pope was condemned as a heretic, but surely Mr. Lowe does not suggest that thereby it necessarily follows that the Church was wrong. Mr. Lowe, like many non-Catholic controversialists, appears to believe sometimes that not only the Pope but the whole Catholic Church down to the humblest priest in that Church is infallible. This is not so.

The truth is, Honorius was condemned for agreeing or seeming to agree with the views of Sergius, and as Sergius was himself condemned, the Pope had to follow. No controversialist save a very rash one advances the case of Honorius, for this one, unlike the other, turns out to be one of the best possible examples of the truth of the idea of infallibility. The Pope had every reason for sanctioning a heresy which he himself held and yet he did not do so. Mr. Lowe might ask himself why?

I am, etc.,
Cardiff FRANCIS O'LEARY

SIR,—Since the Roman Catholic Institution claims to be the one true Church founded by Christ, it must be judged by His standard and not by any made by man. When this is done, the particular claim in question, as well as all the others made by Rome, are disposed of, for obviously, were they true, then would the promises of Christ be fulfilled in those who make the claims. To say otherwise is to accuse Him of being untrue to His word, therefore, an impostor. From the highest official to the humblest priest all are equally incapable of conferring the true benefits of Christianity as did Christ and His early followers, as He promised would be the case with His true believers.

This is the chief reason it is time these claims were publicly dealt with and disposed of by a World Conference of Christian Churches and the League of Nations. Another reason is that the claims, being Rome's incentive for gaining control of this country and the world, there will be no peace either in Christendom or in the world at large until the matter is settled.

When we turn back the pages of history—ancient and modern—we find these claims to be the chief cause of appalling strife and bloodshed, especially in Ireland. Mexico promised to be a second.

When cardinals, well-known bishops, priests, authors, and editors have been asked to reconcile the claims with Christ's promises, they have failed, for they are irreconcilable.

I am, etc.,
Falcon Court, E.C.4 TRUTH SEEKER

SIR,—I have no wish to prolong unduly this little discussion, but I do think M. N., in your May 2 issue, misses the point.

By all means "a generous heart" would "desire to know more and more of Divine truth." The whole question is, however, whether this or that pronouncement is really a part of Divine truth or not. Your correspondent quotes the late (and very able and good) Bishop Hedley as saying, "She [the Roman Church] can decide, in cases of dispute and doubt, what are

the subjects on which she is privileged to speak with the assistance of the Holy Spirit." The trouble is, however, that, so far as I am aware, the Roman Church has never yet clearly stated what Papal declarations, during the ages, come or do not come under the Infallibility decree of 1870. Surely, if that decree is to be an adequate guide, that ought to be known. Yet the decree is so hedged with reservations of a vague kind, that theologians dispute without end as to what Papal pronouncements come under it or not.

The whole question would be settled at once if someone would give a formal list of all Papal infallible pronouncements, with a guarantee that such list is authoritative.

Highbury, N.5

I am, etc.,

J. W. POYNTER

SIR,—I still see no use in this conflict waged upon unequal ground, since your correspondents, who are opposed to the Papal Infallibility claim, definitely scoff at and reject the Catholic basis of a Supernatural Revelation upon which the infallibility of the Catholic Church rests and has its being: an infallibility which is demonstrable by divine faith alone. However ably this doctrine of infallibility is argued and defended or opposed, divine faith testifies to it with the last word, so to speak.

In the words of Cardinal Manning, "... you know how the rejection of this divine authority has shattered the unity of faith in England," and as a proof that the words I recently quoted of Cardinal Manning are not begging the question, the following quotation from the late Rev. William G. Todd, D.D., testifies: "I would point out one important distinction between the questions and disputes agitated among Catholics and those which divide Protestants. The former lead to a deeper apprehension of truth and to a more entire unity, the latter to a blacker scepticism and to a more radical disunion." This quotation also bears to be applied to the duty of Pius IX to persecute (that is, punish) those of his own fold who sought to undermine the teaching of Christ and the faith of His flock. He would have been guilty of indifference to the admonition of Christ to "feed my lambs," and so an unfaithful, unwatchful shepherd, had he not exerted his prerogative, as the Pope does to this day, as custodian of the laws of Christianity. Further, a false liberty is what this same Pope Pius IX characterized a "deliramentum." For instance, this independence has recoiled upon the Protestant maxim of liberty of conscience with the result of its present inharmonious discord in the exposition of Christianity: a tune, I venture to suggest, far more worthy of the term *reductio ad absurdum* which your correspondent of West Kilbride applied to the testimony of infallibility made by an authorized defender and Bishop of his own Church's doctrine. "Who, I ask, can limit the jurisdiction of a supreme authority?" (Cardinal Manning.)

Finally, the claim made in 1870 that the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church had existed from the beginning is no error, for, before the New Testament was written, the voice of the Church was heard communicating the faith with distinctness and certainty. This was the "sure word of prophecy" of which St. Peter speaks in his Epistle, this was that teaching to which Our Saviour promised His assistance even to the end of the world. It is this oral communication which constitutes the characteristic of the Church as the instructor of mankind. It is this oral teaching which the Holy Ghost comes to guide into all truth. Therefore this living authority, which combines within itself both the tradition of the past and the divine direction of the present, is an authority co-ordinate with the Scriptures, anterior to them.

I am, etc.,

M. N.

Horsham

SALE OF YORK CAXTONS

SIR,—Has not the public a right to protest against the sale of these rare books from the Cathedral Library to an American purchaser for £2,000? Surely those reverend gentlemen were not owners of the books in question, but trustees for their safe keeping to the use and behoof of the English people. How if they had sold one of the stained-glass windows or a carved statue from the building itself? Would there be any real difference in the iniquity of the proceeding? Would the Trustees of the British Museum be justified in parting with any of their unique volumes in order to provide money for building or other purposes? The answer can only be No. Why, then, have the Trustees of the Cathedral Library been able to sell their treasures? They were evidently doubtful as to their action, and let us hope even ashamed of it, for they put the deal through in secret and kept it dark for a year. Is it not time that this sort of thing should be made impossible? We are not altogether surprised when impecunious or greedy owners of national treasures prefer present payment to the praise of patriotism, but that public trustees cannot be trusted to protect what is entrusted to them is as intolerable as it is astonishing.

Let us hope that the new Society of Friends of the National Libraries will take action in this matter.

I am, etc.,

C. R. HAINES

Petersfield

BIMETALLISM

SIR,—I seem to trail my coat in vain. Nobody will tread on the tail of it! Even your leader writer of April 18 lets his shillelagh lie quiescent.

Well, that being so, let me write a few final words on the subject.

We bimetalists had a convenient (and I am inclined to think), in the main, accurate way of describing our opponents. Those who denied the feasibility of Bimetallism were "fools," and those who denied its desirability "knaves." The question of feasibility has long since been settled. Nobody but the invincibly ignorant disputes the feasibility of Bimetallism; but the question of desirability remains.

The only argument I have ever heard against it that has any weight is that there is a likelihood of the gold production rendering the remonetization of silver unnecessary and even perhaps inadvisable. It is quite true that the case for Bimetallism was "killed by kindness" after 1897, through the enormous output of gold from South Africa; but neither bimetalists nor monometallists could have foreseen that. What would have been the result of the establishment of international Bimetallism in 1897 it was difficult to say. Prices would have risen considerably more than they did. That is certain. It would have meant a very great impetus given to all productive industries, and much relief to debtors; but it would have hit creditors and people with fixed incomes rather severely. This, however, is to-day a question of merely academic interest. We have to deal with actuality.

Is there any prospect now of a great and immediate flow of new gold? So far as I know, there is not. It is useless to talk of the gold "lying idle" in the banks. That gold is largely either the ear-marked property of the blackguardly German money-lords who cheated us abominably, and ruined their own middle-class (see the admirable works of M. Chéradame *passim*) or else is already in circulation in the form of coin and notes. There is no help to be expected from that quarter.

What is required is a spate of fresh and free money.

I am, etc.,

J. H. HALLARD

NEW NOVELS

BY H. C. HARWOOD

The Good Earth. By Pearl S. Buck. Methuen. 7s. 6d.*Far from my Home.* By Sacheverell Sitwell. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.*Mock Turtle.* By Barnaby Brook. Toulmin. 7s. 6d.*Evening Light.* By Hugh de Selincourt. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.*Solange Stories.* By F. Tennyson Jesse. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*The Compelled Hero.* By Richard Heron Ward. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*Pacific Gold.* By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Collins. 7s. 6d.

A JAPANESE general, going into battle, wrote this casual poem:

Darkness about my path.
My inn to-night
The shadow of a tree,
My host a flower.

He did not want to be recognized, but his enemy, examining the contents of his helmet, found the poem, and though the general's face was slashed to bits, had no difficulty in recognizing him by his work. The poem stuck in the inside of the helmet was revelatory enough. Only that old gentleman could have been guilty of that weak fourth line.

Mrs. Pearl S. Buck has something more to say, and says it very well. The opening chapters of 'The Good Earth' are so lovely that one forgets the Far East, one forgets everything but humanity. Later, perhaps, one has to bother about the good earth and young men who strongly object to tilling it. But the beginning is splendid.

Wang Lung is going to marry a slave girl he has never seen, and has to collect her from a great house in which he is very much afraid. He does it, and in the rest of 'The Good Earth' we see him adding acre to acre, and mistress to wife. The stern common sense of the Chinese carries him through. He betrays his wife and is bored by his mistress. "Darkness about my path?" But Wang is Chinese, not Japanese.

Never have I read such a book as 'The Good Earth' wherein without effort or anger an alien civilization is quietly presented. It is so easy to be funny about China, and so easy to be funny about the collisions of alien cultures. Mrs. Buck turns away from all that and explains Wang Lung.

He was a small farmer, Wang Lung, to begin with, and very much afraid of the Ancient One—the Ancient Lady—whose land he eventually bought only to find that none of his three sons was much interested in it. His ugly first wife was superseded by his pretty second one, and now he was rich and now he was poor, and it all passed as the shadows of clouds pass over broad fields. And when he was dying, he begged his sons not to sell the land, and they winked at each other over the dying man's head. A great race, the Chinese, but the more poetical Japanese might have said: "Darkness about my path."

The short stories of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell are neither good nor bad. The best of them is called 'Innocent Enough!' in which a certain innocence prevails. The worst is 'Hark! The Trumpet and the Drum!' Between these creeps the author of 'A Change of Owners,' and nothing endures but the sure trust in the author's decency and good sense, his love of beauty, too.

And now we have a long and large imitation of Victorian business. Mr. Barnaby Brook writes generously

of the past, and is unperturbed by the present. This 'Mock Turtle' is quite unique, and though it may amuse few, certainly amused me. The idea behind the book was of a mock autobiography. The nineteenth century, unhappily, was too weak and tame for it quite to tell. Mr. Brook, in making a pastiche of Victorian adventure, is forced to become less than Victorian.

In 'Evening Light' Mr. H. de Selincourt presents a really interesting problem. The woman was married, but after she became the friend of two heavy gentlemen, she so blossomed out that she was unable to understand why everyone should not be in love with her. Heavily bearded, and even more heavily conscientious, Owen and Tom desired, but shrank from, Susan. To some it might seem that they ought not to share her. Tom thought that, and was very unhappy, until Susan put him right.

Without Miss Tennyson Jesse's frank confession that she made her detective a woman so as to be able to sell her stories more easily, and made her a clairvoyante because she believed in that sort of thing it would be difficult to understand why the 'Solange Stories' were written. In an interesting preface, Miss Jesse discriminates between the detective story and the crime story. In her own five stories this happens. One, a ghost warns Solange, so that she prevents further murder. Two, the truth is mysteriously conveyed to the innocent victim waiting in the condemned cell. Three, the explanation of the supposed crime is given in a séance. Four, a dead woman is louder than the living. Five, again a dead woman . . . Miss Jesse honestly says that she is not writing detective stories. She would like to do so, to begin with the millionaire stabbed dead in his library, and go on from that, but cannot. Her stories are crime stories, and in my opinion they are just not thrillingly smart.

Mr. Ward is right in describing his 'Compelled Hero' as a "moral novel," though he refuses himself to draw a moral, nor does he make it easy for his readers to do so. Hero, the compelled Hero, so cool and quiet and aloof, was unable to refuse anybody anything, or at least she never did. From lover she drifted to lover, and always with the best intentions. She was so sorry for the boy. And in so drifting she made hell—this is where the morality comes in—of her discarded lovers, the most theatrical of whom hanged himself with the cord of his dressing-gown. 'The Compelled Hero' is an intelligent and well-written story. Its author, I am glad to know, is twenty-one. His work shows no signs of immaturity.

The author of the 'Blue Lagoon' emphatically invites us to a romantic escape from bus and tram, desk and dominoes, and I for one am very glad of it. It is true that 'Pacific Gold' is not different from its predecessors. The heroine, Page, has cropped hair and wears dungarees, so that the hero at first sight thinks her a queer boy. The pursuit of buried treasure, in this case ambergris, is complicated by the villains, and the sun shines very brightly on the palm trees. Simple stuff it sounds, but Mr. Stacpoole may be relied upon to give a new twist when he can. With the heroine, of course, he can do nothing. Her hair is short and she wears trousers, and that is both the beginning and the end of her. Bud is redeemed from a too close resemblance to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks by his surliness. At moments he seemed too surly for the job, but then one remembers that he is an American, and when married will be tame enough. It is the minor characters Mr. Stacpoole creates. What could be finer than Captain Trimmings? Outside his own line, which was sailing ships, he was about the biggest fool you can imagine, but he never minded, never knew it. And Hank, who always carried about with him a slightly disappointing air, as if he were dressed in bombazine and mittens. A really Dickensian character, Hank. Oh! jolly stuff, 'Pacific Gold.'

REVIEWS

PARSON WOODFORDE

The Diary of a Country Parson: The Reverend James Woodforde. Vol. V, 1797-1802. Edited by John Beresford. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

HERE is the final volume of the parson who has made so many friends in the course of his pilgrimage "through the sequestered vale of rural life" but was not particularly intent on religion. He kept, indeed, St. Paul's injunction to Timothy to "lead a quiet and peaceable life," but there was nothing spiritual about him, so far as we can tell. He shows none of the soul-searchings of another East Anglian parson and diarist. In this volume he finds ready excuses for not going to church on Sundays, including wet, though he had umbrellas in the house. He never laments with a contemporary:

What various hindrances we meet
To keep us from the mercy-seat!

Nelson, Mr. Beresford reminds us, came from a Parsonage, and so did Wesley; but these two seem hardly adequate as an apology for the sleepy state of the eighteenth-century church. Growing old and less active, Woodforde never by his own account reads as we might expect. His plain record of pigs and barley, bad weather and careless curates is seldom literary. Not for him did Wordsworth write the 'Lyrical Ballads.' He only had Grose's 'Antiquities' and the poems of young Mr. Newton of Norwich, which, we dare swear, are much less interesting than the prose of Thomas Taylor of that same city.

Yet, after all, he may have done more good pottering about his parish with a kindly mind than preaching with the fervour that the Church then left to the Chapel. An East Anglian church-bell bears the inscription, "Prosperity to the Established Church and death to Enthusiasm." His epitaph testifies to the regard he secured among his people. He remembered the children on Valentine's Day and the elders at Christmas, and his vexation is marked when the removal of clay from a pit of his endangers a public pathway. The same day the offender has notice to leave that Glebe.

"A man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner," said Johnson, and never was the remark more amply illustrated than by this parson. It is a wonder that he lived to be sixty-five, for his Gargantuan meals go on steadily, with a warm appreciation of so dull a viand as a roasted pike and disgust at inadequate dessert, when most eating powers would have faded. Earlier he had warnings of bodily trouble and nervousness, but though his health is evidently declining in these last years, he is perpetually plucking up heart to eat another vast dinner and thank God for it. He makes no more exciting trips, but he amuses himself at home, pruning his trees, exchanging visits and presents with his neighbours and living through a time of great depression with a careful attention to his own small means which allows him to be generous. He shows a patriotic delight in Nelson and naval victories. He has an eye, too, for a pretty woman or a fine piece of millinery, and though occasionally annoyed by the sauciness of his niece, he is deeply concerned when she is ill. Port wine, as in previous volumes, is accounted a sound remedy, and after a while she can take more than a pint without feeling any disturbance. It is a pity that he could not take himself the advice he gave her to abstain from meat for two or three days. He might then have lived to hear of Waterloo and the fall of Napoleon. Rarely he expresses any doubts about

indulging his appetite and then it is because he has suffered, as after a big supper when he woke with a "gouty pain" and had to walk "very hobbling." We have sometimes thought that Gilbert White may have brightened his day with a similar regard for dinner, but White is positively inhuman in his indifference to the people round him, while Woodforde cultivates his neighbours gladly. But what did he do when he was at home except read the newspaper? He was no letter-writer. Was he a little bored until with the approach of food "cheerfulness was always breaking in"? His education remains only in a few scraps in the learned languages, and those not too accurate. *Pæne obliviscendus* probably means "Near to losing my memory."

Like a character in Dickens, he seems to have none of the ecstasies and depressions of the inner life; perhaps he was the happier for that. His niece regretted him sorely, and her agitation may account for two extracts from her diary dated February 31 and February 26, where the former date may refer to January.

He has returned triumphantly to life. Cowper sneered at

A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped home again.

But to-day the 'Parson's Diary' is abundantly interesting in its little homely details—the dairymaid who wept over a lost dog, leaving off tobacco, the "very hollow tooth" which ached, and the "supposed income" on which he had to pay tax.

VERNON RENDALL

A PILGRIM IN TIME

Portraits in Miniature. By Lytton Strachey. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

A FACULTY for being surprised is a useful asset to an author. The late Arnold Bennett had it in a marked degree, and it is a distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Lytton Strachey also. Mr. Strachey lives, and is no doubt at home, in the present age, but he has elected to write about the people of the past. He discovered the Victorians; he visited the Elizabethans; he has wandered in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Readers who have followed him on these journeys are aware, not only that he keeps his eyes open, but that his mouth at moments is perceptibly ajar. As a pilgrim in time, he often meets men and women at whom he has to gape because they are not quite like himself. Generally, the habit is thought engaging. After all, on a voyage of exploration, it is better to be with one who gapes than one who yawns. And yet, the habit has its drawbacks. The man who cannot believe his ears when he hears little children talking fluent French in France is scarcely to be taken as a guide for continental travel, and the astonishment of Mr. Strachey at Donne's theology or Carlyle's ethics argues a temporal insularity which checks reliance on him as an historical critic.

The first dozen essays in this biographical sketch book are entertaining morsels. Their subjects range from tippling tailor Muggleton, who taught that heaven hung four miles above the earth, to Madame de Lieven, under whose dangerous influence Mr. Strachey avows that "the great world in those days was small." In between, we renew acquaintance with Boswell, and are introduced to some lesser worthies. What the author says of them does not matter much, since he says it pleasantly. If he has made them all seem rather fatuous, it may be they have only gotten their deserts, and a learned judge has laid it down that the deceased have no rights and cannot be wronged. But the studies

of English historians with which the volume closes need more serious inspection.

Though the historians treated by the essayists are dead, their works survive, and Mr. Strachey's remarks thereon are occasionally misleading. Freeman, for example, with his Anglo-Saxon obsessions and his depiction of Senlac, otherwise Hastings, as the initial battle between peers and people, is, of course, an easy butt for posthumous ridicule. To chatter of his whims without mentioning his wit is, however, to betray obtuseness. And why his death should be announced with such words as "The professor had gone pop in Spain" is hard to understand. According to the official biography, he "sank peacefully to rest." Of the two periphrases, my preference is faintly for the latter, but then I own to being baffled frequently by the writer's choice in language. What does he mean by saying Victorian beds "were full of bugs and disasters"? Connexion between insects and stars is surely remote enough to require an explanation. Still, it is as critic, not as stylist, that Mr. Strachey errs chiefly. His assertion that Gardiner "had no point of view" and wrote a book resembling a "very large heap of sawdust" is too much like the comment of the idle butterfly on the elephant. Gardiner's pen moved heavily. Relative pronouns crowd his pages as leaves a branch in summer. But it was prejudice, not point of view, he lacked, and to burrow casually in his sawdust is to find a plethora of verdicts upon men and policies which, with a little spit and polish, could be given to the world as so many gems of epigrammatic wisdom.

D. WILLOUGHBY

A VICTORIAN PANORAMA

Bulwer: A Panorama (Edward and Rosina 1803-36). By Michael Sadleir. Constable. 16s.

AMBITIOUS Mr. Sadleir! From the 'Commentary' on Trollope, with its careful analysis of the Victorian age into three periods; from the researches into Victorian bibliography and book-production, from prefaces to five volumes of Victorian satire or fiction, there began to dawn upon his readers the idea of one planning to become an historian of Victorian manners by researches into the period-pages where these manners have been preserved, and so building up, strip by strip, a great canvas of the Victorian scene on the method of a critical archaeologist, now to be applied to the relics (and to the detritus) of Victorian print. Documentation was to enrich, biography and criticism to illumine, this great picture of society in a lengthy reign, and the writer, if he was to achieve his end, would have to combine the virtues of historical research with the insight, the sympathy, and the detachment of the balanced essay in criticism. This plan, implicit but unconfessed in Mr. Sadleir's previous books, can now be called explicit with the publication of 'Bulwer: a Panorama,' the first of a promised pair of volumes on Bulwer's life, writings, friends, and age. The second will describe Lady Blessington and be called 'Gore House.' Well, since ambition seems to decrease with the increase of scribbling, and since ambition in literature (when distinguished from inflation, as the ox in the fable is distinguished from the toad) is itself a fine quality in a writer, let us give this inspiring aim its due. Mr. Sadleir, one may guess, is quietly nursing a high intention. Having delved, at first hand, into the literary record left by the Victorian age, he has preserved (or has followed) one of its generous foibles: the Victorian scene is rich and wide: it needs a huge canvas. Nothing less than "a panorama" of it will suffice!

So inured are we to the little aims of little literary people, that there is a danger that the scope of this great intention will be missed. Indeed, while vista upon vista opened in my own mind as the conception began to dawn upon it, I lost breath—as might a spectator who, in an exhibition of current pictures, was suddenly confronted with a gigantic canvas in the sweep of Rubens's day. To give unity to this instalment (for I think that the 'Trollope' and the 'Bulwer' are but the first unfoldings of the sections of the map) a long-lived personality was needed. Bulwer lived from 1803-73; he was picturesque; his life was chequered; he was a figure which many sets and circles touched; his early precocity joined him backward to an earlier generation; his length of days, and a son who became both poet and Viceroy, carried him into a later; the violent feelings that he ever excited (and even now his half-forgotten books are criticized with emphasis); his queer mixture of splendour with squalor made him appear a good choice for the centre of any panoramic scene. The trouble, however, is this: Bulwer's own family and personal story are themselves complex and cyclonic. A central figure so like one of the local Alpine ranges is an awkward subject in itself, and, at the risk of seeming (wrongly) ungrateful, I wonder if a panoramic career is the most convenient centre for a still more panoramic scene?

The very odd story of the Bulwers and the Lyttons, severally connected by name rather than by blood, is as hard to generalize as the Dent du Midi. We want to explore the knobbed bark of this queer family-tree. We cannot be content with a summary sketch. Nothing smaller than a volume on the dual family can duly introduce Bulwer himself. It must sound perverse to protest that Mr. Sadleir's opening volume (of over 400 pages) is too short. Yet the truth is that several volumes were needed: one for the angularities of his extraordinary ancestors; at least one for Bulwer and his youthful circle; and one, if not more, for the promised sequel to the separation from his wife. If the book had been a failure, one would never regret the scanting; as it is good, one may state that not even Mr. Sadleir can do justice to a mountain range (the rhetoric of Nature) upon a postcard a foot wide. Thus, once the forty pages on the ancestors have been passed, his brush eases considerably, and the young Bulwer begins to grow into a shapely pattern, into which the angularities, the cross-currents, the social background are disposed. Only criticism on a parallel scale could do justice to the precocious boy; to the romantic love-episode of his teens; to the scribbling undergraduate; to the flattered victim of the raddled Lady Caroline Lamb; to the effect on his youth of fashionable London; to Rosina Wheeler, the pretty young free-lance who married him; to his industrious attempts to support himself by his pen when cold-shouldered by his angry family; to the squabbles that became violence in his matrimonial home; to the enemies whom he made, and to the controversies, the wounded sensitiveness, and the disappointed abilities that tormented him. When one adds that his numerous books and writings have also their part in the panorama, of which the background (both social and literary) is deliberately a whole society, it will be seen that, between the minute criticism of the expert and the easy generalization of the critic enjoying himself at large in front of Mr. Sadleir's revolving canvas, a short review is of little use. Of the interest and value of the picture, one can speak; of its proportions something has been hinted; of its story there is no space to tell. The quality of the telling is all that can be criticized here.

The subject is great, and the construction is admirable. Bating the proportions of the introductory pages, the book has been planned with care; the comments are supported by quotations, but, wishing

to be scrupulous and concise, Mr. Sadleir has occasionally preferred his own summary and explanation to events that would better tell themselves. Though admittedly a counsel of perfection, only upon technicalities—a law-suit, a financial tangle—is an abstract or a summary to be preferred to direct narrative. We have all noticed that to hear Dr. Johnson talking is better than to read Carlyle's brilliant description of Coleridge rambling from smoke to fire. The explanation that a story itself forces upon the reader stirs him more than the conclusions reached by almost anybody else. Without intruding, Mr. Sadleir yet makes us aware that he is controlling his narrative. Such control there must be, but it should appear only with the use of a magnifying glass. Sensitive, too, though most of us are to such criticism, I dare assert also that Mr. Sadleir's prose could be hypercriticized. The enormous importance of hypercriticism is neglected at a time when prose has ceased to be regarded as a fine art: not less than poetry, not inferior to poetry, but poetry's equal, yet its equal only when the author shall have applied the same ear, and the same degree of hypercriticism to it. One jealous for this art will squirm to see flaws that to anybody less jealous will be invisible. Mr. Sadleir does not, I feel, always apply the test of his ear to his own prose; has not a long enough list of words and has turns of phrase unworthy of a writer of his quality; peppers his pages with French and gallicisms; in the absorption of his gorgeous subject has at times forgotten that "style is the only passport to posterity," and that the finer the subject the finer should be the prose defining it. "'Tis the last rub that polishes the mirror." In the long run (let us never forget) it is the minute scruples that make or mar fine prose, and this book, so bravely conceived, so rich in social history, human character, scholarship and in literary interest, may yet miss the high regard in which it should long be held if the style be not sifted through a web as fine as the imagination that conceived it is rich and sweeping.

OSBERT BURDETT

TWO SPORTING COLONELS

Colonel Hawker's Shooting Diaries. Edited by Eric Parker. Allan. 21s.

The Art of Fly Fishing. By Lieut.-Col. Keith Rollo. Witherby. 10s. 6d.

COLONEL HAWKER, cavalryman, music lover, inventor, fisherman and shot, was wounded at Talavera; he lived on the banks of the Test at Longparish and, for fifty years, slaughtered trout and birds of every kind, from jack-snipe to whooper (he calls them "hooper") swans, with the greatest enthusiasm and success. Not even starlings escaped: twice at least he shot into flocks of them with a duck gun and records with satisfaction that he must have killed 500. What amusement he can have derived from such senseless slaughter it is difficult to see, but he appears to have been even more thoughtlessly cruel than the majority of his contemporaries: one need not, therefore, be surprised that the idea of hundreds of wounded birds dying in agony disturbed him not at all.

The most extraordinary opinion expressed in the diary is that about the stones of Stonehenge: "They are formed in a circle and are (I have no doubt) a composition, as they will, immediately on being broken, dissolve in water like lump sugar." After this one feels that to doubt his veracity savours of impertinence!

If one can believe his own statements (vouched for, in one instance, by the local parson) he must have been the finest shot of all times: partridge shooting he tried for "cannons" and three birds at a shot; to miss a mere "double," or right and left, is regarded as a dis-

graceful incident and duly excused in the diary on such grounds as headache.

In the case of birds, both wildfowl and game, he respected the close season, but trout were not pampered thus: he records snaring a trout in December, and catches of one kind and another, one shot, are recorded in October, January and February. His bags, during the summer, were enormous—"11 day's fishing = 100 brace of trout all over $\frac{3}{4}$ lb." He appears to have been fond of both of his wives and took them both shooting. The first one actually shot a pheasant with a "half charge"; this lady also passed the death sentence on a dog which refused to retrieve, and was duly shot by the Colonel. The second Mrs. Hawker is not recorded as having killed anything, though she came home fresh after a ten-hour day. How were these ladies dressed? Surely not in the clothes we know of as worn in those days.

As a rule, the Colonel appears to have been fond of his dogs though, to judge by the amount of game shot and not "picked," he must have been a poor trainer and handler. He mentions small "Newfoundlands" with short coats: were these the ancestors of our Labradors?

The distances at which he claims to have killed birds appear grossly exaggerated: if they are not, it is a pity that neither Messrs. Charles Lancaster, Greener nor Westley Richards can equal nowadays the guns they made a century ago for him. On the whole the book is very interesting, though I would prefer an abridged edition, leaving out records of days which present no special points of interest.

A very different type is Colonel Rollo: he tells us no tall stories, never boasts and has written a book which covers the practical side of fly fishing most efficiently and thoroughly.

The dry fly purist (if any such still exist) will be horrified at Colonel Rollo's methods: he fishes two dry flies, or a dry fly and a wet one on the same cast, and he "searches" for trout when none are rising. He points out that two flies fall more lightly than one, and that the dropper fly helps to prevent drag; this being so, it is difficult to see why, when using a dry fly and a wet one, he uses the wet one as tail fly. Surely, on his own showing, the dry fly would fish and "cock" best on the point, and would act better as a float to show when the dropper was taken, a function which Colonel Rollo rightly thinks important.

He does not believe in exact imitation, and mainly relies on the patterns of Dr. Baigent, particularly "Baigent's Brown," which is like a Greenwell, tied variant-wise, with a woodcock wing and no ribbing or tail. He is not above using creepers and "dibbing" with the natural fly, in places where casting is impossible, but he abhors and despises the use of maggots, which he regards as a worse form of poaching than (illegal) fishing with salmon roe.

Colonel Rollo believes that a hungry trout is out to eat flies and is not too particular—usually he is right, though I have caught, in the Test, a trout which was concentrating not only on a certain spinner but exclusively on the females of that spinner: a fact proved by the flies (scores of them) subsequently disgorged.

The chapter on "Where to fish" is excellent, as is the section on loch fishing. The chalk streams have been "written to death": here is a book which tells us how to catch trout, here there and everywhere, by every sporting means: the only problem left unsolved is how to catch them in a big hatch of blue-winged olives—I have yet to see that done.

JAMES DICKIE

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

THE U.S. UNDERWORLD TALKING

American Tramp and Underworld Slang. With a Collection of Songs. Edited by Godfrey Irwin. Scholartis Press. 10s. 6d.

"HOBOTHEMIA" is passing; the world of law and order is "bum sick"; so Mr. Irwin has made just in time the glossary which is the main part of this book and is the result of more than twenty years of "colourful" experience. He is fortunate in a publisher who adds a learned essay on the survival of old English in the American lingo, which since the days of the truculent and laborious Noah Webster has been openly parting from its original source. One of the words listed here, "bellyful," is in Shakespeare.

It is, we fear, idle to complain that writers misuse underworld slang, for they are hardly likely to follow for any length of time the tramp's life and collect his talk at first hand. This underworld means living dangerously, particularly on the trains which have supplied several words to the illicit riders. The ordinary Englishman can still, we hope, hardly approve of the idea that he must cadge rather than work for a living. Yet most of these tramps are apparently of English-speaking origin. Among the gangsters Italians take the lead, but there is little trace in this glossary of Italian, Pole or Russian, though more than a million of each of these stocks figure in the 1920 census of the United States.

The words are largely restricted to methods of swindling and evasion, sexual excitements and food and drink. They are vivid nicknames, full of a picturesque metaphor which this country in the main has ceased to produce. If the people of the United States seem slow to grow up and retain the nervous excitement and naïve vanity of the immature, their language is still fresh and resilient, inventing and cutting down words to the last possible limit. A "bum on the plush" indicates the idle rich, and the easy manners of our present English society, such as it is, have made the "gate-crasher" and the "gold-digger" familiar. The policeman is a "flattie" with flat feet, or a "bull," bully. Morphine, responsible for much American crime, is "M" and cocaine, with us "snow," is "C." It has led to "coke," an unlikely story. The tramp can be sentimental in his songs but his scornful attitude to doctors and clergy is evident. His superstition remains curiously in "hunch," which goes back to the lucky touch of the hump of a hunchback.

"Axle grease" for butter and "beagles" and "dogs" for sausages show the facetious doubts about food which appear in "Pickwick." Here, however, English is more subtle, for in the cheap restaurants we have heard the sausage called a "dreadnought." The mixture in a pot of meat and all sorts of things which we recall among Bulwer Lytton's vagabonds is "Mulligan" in America. Some words have attained an unfamiliar meaning. Thus "doss" is a sleep, not a bed, and "sand" not the grit which is courage, but sugar. There is a conflation of the English "craft," cunning, and the German *Kraft*, strength, in "graft," which can mean either illicit spoils or work, as it does in Australia.

One wonders how words and phrases so obscure as this slang get into general use. The answer is that the American is always moving about and that the vast American Press loves gaudy language, while the Englishman on the whole is static, content with his old home and old ways of doing things. To-day great inroads are being made on his language, since his most prized entertainers have often crossed the Atlantic, and his cinema seasons its American melodrama with new words. Thus, while English declines, United-States advances.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF A CONQUISTADOR

Green Hell. By Julian Duguid. Cape. 10s. 6d.

AMONG the many works of genius advertised week by week in the publishers' columns or acclaimed in certain literary circles that conduct mutual admiration campaigns on strictly business lines, a good book makes its welcome appearance from time to time. 'Green Hell,' by Julian Duguid, is one of the rare and refreshing exceptions to a general rule that the puff and the performance have no relation to each other. His Excellency the Marquis Merry del Val says in his opening words to the author, "We simply live your life with you," and this is the truth. Mr. Duguid set out to explore the Gran Chaco, east of the Andes, following the route of an old Spanish Conquistador whose footsteps nearly four centuries have failed to obliterate. He travelled with a Bolivian diplomat, Señor Don Mamerto Urriolagoitia; a Russian hunter, M. Alejandro Siemel, whose resource saved the expedition; and an English film-maker, Mr. J. C. Bee Mason. Buenos Aires was their starting place; Tarija served for a goal. The story of the journey between those points through the largest forest in the world has all the quality of romantic adventure, for Mr. Duguid has deliberately chosen to select his incidents, as every artist should, and his presentation is extremely vivid. He is young, a child of the present century, and his perilous journey was taken at a time when he was keenly receptive to every impression. Some of his pages need not fear comparison with the best that is in Kinglake's 'Eothen' or Cunninghamham Graham's 'El Moghreb al Acksa.' He can capture an hour and give it a measure of immortality, he can make the reader sense danger, discomfort, fatigue, fear and hope. Furthermore, he has the advantage of writing

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about a part of the world that still holds prizes for the explorer who has youth, courage, enterprise and, above all, discretion. For the trunk of Green Hell is Brazil, Paraguay and Eastern Bolivia, its shoulders dip into two oceans at Ecuador and Pernambuco . . . it has Amazon, Orinoco and Paraguay for its main arteries and hides some six hundred different breeds of Indian, many cannibals among them. The travellers' enemies were the piranha of the rivers, the alligators of the swamps, the jaguars of the forest, the ihenni, a black fly whose bite is like fire and whose hosts are beyond reckoning, certain savage Indian tribes, and thirst. One and all were faced with courage that atoned for mistakes, and with an unfaltering determination to win through. Mr. Duguid tells his story so simply and so well that the interest never slackens; and a certain sense of gratitude keeps the reader from complaining above his breath of the lack of a really adequate map and an index. When you have read 'Green Hell' the greatest forest in the world will have revealed a part of its secret, something of the colour, the perfume, the terror, and the immensity of an uncharted realm will be with you, adding to your sense of the hinterlands of civilization.

ANGLO-SAXON IDEALISM

The Platonic Tradition in Anglo-Saxon Philosophy. By J. H. Muirhead. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

THE English philosophical tradition is usually described as being of the common-sense variety, Hobbes, Locke, Hume and Herbert Spencer being its prophets. Hume, it is true, was a Scot, and to him belongs the distinction of having refuted common-sense philosophy by the *reductio ad absurdum* method. But he left it at that and took Kant, the next step.

Dr. Muirhead, however, is out to remove the reproach from the face of Anglo-Saxon philosophy, and to prove that we are and always have been, idealists at bottom—incurable mystics and Platonists.

The Cambridge Platonists in the seventeenth century certainly provided a type of mystical philosophy which was essentially English. Especially typical of them was their concentration upon inner experience. They held that it is from the nature and experiences of the soul, and not from external happenings, that we can learn of the existence, nature and operations of God. "Though the whole of this visible universe be whispering out the notions of a Deity, yet we cannot understand it without some interpreter *within*."

Except in the system of Bishop Berkeley, the eighteenth century provided little in the way of idealistic philosophy; and the nineteenth century had to dawn before the dormant seed sprouted. And even then, it is usually supposed that Carlyle and Coleridge derived most of their inspiration from Germany. In the case of Coleridge, Dr. Muirhead is convinced of the inadequacy of any such view. The system he worked out "is far more rightly conceived as a product of his own essentially English genius than as a development of German idealism." And in the case of the Oxford revival of idealism later in the century, Dr. Muirhead holds that T. H. Green owed at least as much to the revival of Platonic studies initiated by Jowett as to German metaphysics.

Dr. Muirhead deals with the greatest of modern English idealists, F. H. Bradley, in considerable detail. Such a careful study of the most original of English academic philosophers was well worth making. "If a philosophy is to be judged not by the number of its adherents but by the largeness of its view, the fertility of its suggestions, and the power of the reactions it set in operation, there was no book that came out in those years that was at all comparable to Bradley's" is what he says of 'Appearance and Reality.'

J. C. HARDWICK

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SHORTER NOTICES

Personality and Will. By Francis Aveling. Nisbet. 5s.

THE Contemporary Library of Psychology, of which this is one of the first two volumes, is designed to provide an accurate but elementary statement of the latest conclusions of psychologists on the major problems of their science. Writing of the nature of personality in special relation to will, the editor of the series sets an admirable example to his fellow-contributors. He is thorough, systematic and lucid, and though in the end he sums up against the "associationists" who would present personality as a simple aggregate of "all so-called mental contents, traits, capacities, and reaction tendencies," and in favour of the "dynamists" who see it as "not merely will, or energy elicited by goals and determined by motives, but an intelligent will contemplating means to ends and making its own motives," he is always notably fair in his presentation of the views of every school. A valuable feature is the concentrated summary of the historical development of ancient and modern ideas of will and personality.

The Navy in India. 1763-1783. By Admiral Sir H. W. Richmond. Benn. 30s.

FEW people can be better fitted to write a book of this nature than Admiral Richmond, who has been a Commander-in-Chief of the East Indies Squadron and Commandant of the Imperial Defence College. His local knowledge and wide outlook have enabled him to produce an able volume which will become a standard work, not only on the period under review, but because it shows the success which follows the Higher Command when they obey the principles of war, and the inevitable failure when these are disregarded.

Admiral Richmond does not confine himself to the activities of the Navy alone between 1763 and 1783, for not only does he describe how the situation on land in India affected Admiral Hughes's plans, but the effect of events at home before and during this period, and the strategical value of The Cape, Mauritius, St. Helena and the Dutch East Indies on the naval operations in Indian waters. It is this wide grasp of the campaign which gives, perhaps, its greatest value to the book, for it shows how wide a knowledge of events outside his own particular locality is required by an admiral if he is to make the best use of his opportunities, and what disastrous consequences come of a lack of co-operation between the directors of land and sea operations, such as existed between Hughes and the Select Committee at Madras. This lack of co-operation was principally responsible for Suffren, the French Admiral and a brilliant strategist, getting the better of Hughes in some cases, as at Trincomali, which was lost through the Select Committee failing to realize its paramount importance as a base for the English fleet and won by the despatch with which Suffren, characteristically, carried the operation through when he had made up his mind to do it.

Cooking Through the Centuries. By J. R. Ainsworth-Davis. Dent. 6s.

THIS book is primarily a serious study of British food and cooking from the Stone Age to the present day, but it is written in such a fascinating, and at times amusing, vein that it should appeal to a wide public. The author also gives an account of our ancestors' dining-rooms, table appointments and manners, and in connexion with the last it was still thought necessary as late as the end of the eighteenth century to warn young people against "smelling to the food whilst in the fork, before you put it in your mouth," and picking "your teeth before the dishes are removed." Professor Ainsworth-Davis traces the effect of various historical factors on the evolution of modern meals, and he shows that beer in some form has always been the national drink, even before the

visit of Pytheas. In conclusion, we are given an admirable account of recent food researches, together with a chapter on the food resources of the British Empire.

The Inky Way. By Alice M. Williamson. Chapman and Hall. 18s.

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON has written her reminiscences as brightly as she writes her novels, for her life of authorship, save for the sad days when her husband and collaborator lay dying, has been roses, roses, all the way. There were little hitches at the beginning, when the expenses of a young woman tasting the first heady mixture of professional and social success were apt to outrun income; and there was a moment, during her motoring honeymoon—she and her husband had courageously married on great expectations which, in his case, did not mature—when they were stranded without a penny at Taormina. But there has been nothing of Sinister Street about her Inky Way. The big men of that Street liked her, for she thought as they thought and wrote as they approved. In fact, she arrived in London at the psychological moment and delivered the psychological goods to inky emporiums which catered for the very class to which she naturally addressed herself. She has much to tell us of the newspapers and journalists of the fateful time when the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* were still but fledglings in Fleet Street, and writers in any genre who could write brightly and superficially and wholesomely for the million were welcomed with open arms, and thirty shillings a thousand. But Mrs. Williamson soon soared into richer regions, for 'The Lightning Conductor,' the first book she wrote in collaboration with her husband, became a best-seller and the forerunner of many best-sellers, with the result that the fortunate authors were able to cultivate a society centred on Monte Carlo, the description of which adds much to the vivacity of the book.



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

YOU will remember that the Grasshopper who had spent all summer singing asked in vain for assistance from the careful and far-seeing Ant.

"Winte finds out what summer lays by."

If we would avoid the pitiful plight of the Grasshopper we must emulate the thrift of the Ant. There is no better way of doing this than by means of a

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EDINBURGH

Religious Thought in Palestine in the time of Christ. By T. Herbert Bindley. Methuen. 6s.

STUDENTS of the New Testament background and of Christian origins will be grateful to Dr. Bindley for a book which gives in convenient form the results of close and careful research in Palestinian Judaism in the centuries between 300 B.C. and A.D. 100. The gap between the Old and the New Testaments has been left unfilled for most people. And one of the weaknesses of the Christian religion at the present time is the fact that so much of the New Testament is read out of its context. How many people realize, for example, the significance of the Baptist's teaching of the Kingdom, or the connexion between the Lord's Prayer or the Sermon on the Mount and the teaching of Jesus Ben-Sirach? In fact, much of the Apocrypha is a better introduction to the understanding of Christianity than much of the Old Testament.

As an immense amount of work has been done on the period "from Malachi to Matthew" by scholars like Charles Oesterley, Rendel Harris and others in England, by Schürer and others in Germany, and by scholars of the Jewish Faith, now it is time for the new knowledge to be popularized. It would be a good thing if the Education Authorities would use Dr. Bindley's book for this purpose in the upper forms of public and secondary schools.

Egil's Saga. Translated by E. R. Eddison. Cambridge University Press. 18s.

JAMES JOYCE, one thought (or Rudyard Kipling in his latest book), was the only creator of a new language; but that was reckoning without Mr. Eddison. The saga of Egil Skallagrimson had been done only once before into English by a man who worked poorly and without half the equipment that Mr. Eddison obviously possesses; and as one of the major sagas it needed a translator. Mr. Eddison's version may be accurate, but, to be brief, it is unreadable. Without the genius of William Morris, he has invented for his needs a semi-archaic language full of "methinks," "me-seems," "twixt," "sith," and "albeit." What particular virtue there is in saying "glented off" for "glanced off," "aland" for "ashore," "gat" for "got," "a-horseback" for "on horseback," "murther" for "murder" or in constant use of such false word order as "Bare they him then" or such a false English construction as "he had let brew," Mr. Eddison must be left to answer. A scholar Mr. Eddison may be, but his nib is crossed. More than scholarship and enthusiasm is needed for tackling a noble piece of literature.

The State of Shakespeare Study. By J. M. Robertson. Routledge. 6s.

Marlowe. By J. M. Robertson. Routledge. 6s.
Marlowe's Works: The Jew of Malta and The Massacre at Paris. Edited by H. S. Bennett. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

MR. ROBERTSON has for many years laboured devotedly and heroically to purify the Shakespeare canon, a considerable portion of which on textual and other evidence he attributes to "the pre-Shakespeare group," pre-eminent among whom was Marlowe. In 'The State of Shakespeare Study' Mr. Robertson faces his critics and deals lusty blows at such doughty assailants as Sir E. K. Chambers, Professor Dover Wilson and Professor Lancelles Abercrombie. Mr. Robertson's theories find further expression in his 'Marlowe,' a discussion of the dramatist's life, genius and works. A less controversial accession to the study of Marlowe is Methuen's new series of his life and works, the latest volume of which is as worthy a contribution as its predecessors. The two plays included are now edited for the first time with introductions and detailed notes.

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THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XXXII

A. "What is really needed," remarked a Bishop Suffragan of the Church of England recently, "is not a virtual abolition of the Thirty-Nine Articles, but a revision of them on modern lines."

The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Eight Guineas, and a Second Prize of Five Guineas for the best suggestions as to this revision.

The suggestions may be concerned with detail or with principle, and they may advocate revision of the Articles either on literary or doctrinal grounds. The proposals may therefore take the form either of a bare catalogue of changes in the actual language of the Articles to bring them into harmony with modern English usage; or they may be a reasoned essay discussing changes in dogma or dogmatic phraseology.

There is no limit to the number of suggestions or the length of the essays which may be submitted; but in view of the importance of the subject, the Judge will be requested to make an analysis and abstract of the various answers, irrespective of their literary merit and the actual award of the prizes.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. Replies must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The SATURDAY REVIEW cannot accept any responsibility for MSS. lost or destroyed in the post.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, July 13, and it is hoped to announce the result in August.

B. Angelica Green, an irreplaceable cook, wishes to leave the household of Mrs. Smith as soon as she can find alternative employment. Mrs. Smith received multitudinous requests for Angelica's "character," which is both personally and professionally faultless. Mrs. Smith would not for the world tell what she counts a lie, but, for good and sufficient reason, would be quite ready to lead others to fancy that snow was as black as soot.

Can anybody provide her with a specimen reply by means of which she may be able to keep her cook and a comfortable conscience? For the two best entries in this competition we offer prizes of a Guinea and a Half and Half a Guinea.

This competition closes on Tuesday, June 2, and the result will be announced towards the end of that month.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XVIII JUDGE'S REPORT

The entries for this competition fall into two main classes: those of the Christian competitors and those of the non-Christian. The former took the view that even if Christ had "got away with it" before Pilate, He would have been put to death by the Jews later, to fulfil the prophecies concerning Him, while the latter believed that if He had been released there would have been no such thing as Christianity in the world to-day. Fey argued well that if Christ had not met a violent death Islam would subsequently have swept the world, while Pibwob maintained that crucifixion was not essential to the founder of a religion, and quoted Buddha as evidence of his statement. Meridies prefers Islam to Christianity, and believes that science would have made more progress under the former. Freda Clarke, Cyrenian and W. H. B. B. are highly commended. The first prize goes to Epimetheus, and the second prize to the Rev. Sturges Ball.

[We regret that owing to pressure on space we are able to publish only an extract from the prize-winning essay.]

FIRST PRIZE

The condemnation before the Procurator of Judaea was, indeed, the climax to a life of tragedy, a life passed always under the shadow of the inevitable cross. An acquittal would have produced undoubtedly the effect of the anti-climax, the disappointment of his followers and the shattering of the belief in his powers as a prophet and a teacher.

In history, it is now a truism to say that the inevitable always happens; that the soil must always be ripe for the seed and that whether it be this seed or that, it will always be a certain type of seed at any given time. The great Napoleon held much the same view and was of the opinion that if he had not played the rôle he did, someone else would have played it since circumstances had created the rôle.

If, then, we subscribed to this view, we should say that the acquittal of Christ would not have altered materially the course of events, since someone else would have carried His message to the world which, *ex hypothesi*, was then, and only then, ready to receive it. But it seems that with a great religious teacher, this rule does not hold true.

The acquittal of Christ, therefore, would have had most noteworthy results. The first would undoubtedly have been the conversion of Pontius Pilate himself, who, in spite of the opening sentence of Bacon's famous essay, was obviously impressed and did have some desire to seek the truth. How devastating may be the power of some subtle and seductive combination of words, for Pontius Pilate has come down to posterity as an irreverent jester and Gallio as a cynical trifler, and with both the magic of the phrase which damns has been the agent of their ill-fame. But directly the teaching of Christ became the perquisite of the ruling and upper classes, His power with the people would have failed and He would have been regarded as a renegade, a preacher in high places, not the personification of a voice that cried in the wilderness.

No doubt the appeal to women would have been strong, but it would have lacked force, for the greatness of most religions is the greatness of Antaeus—they must keep close to earth and touch it in order to receive new strength. If, then, we regard the acquittal of Christ as the end of His career as a driving force, and His relegation to the upper classes as its inevitable result, we are faced with the problem of deciding what other religion would have taken its place. Judaism can be ruled out at once. The Jews are a sect, not a nation. They represent a psychological attitude, and are to be compared more with the religious orders than with a religion. The Jesuits, for example, are all the same in their attitude to the world. They all bear the stamp of their founder, Loyola, and they are unchanged these four hundred years.

But there was another religion which even then flourished in the Empire and had ultimately to be officially discouraged. About 68 B.C., Pompey had brought to Rome some Cilician pirates who introduced into Rome the religion of Mithras, known as Mithraism. This was primarily, as far as is known, a development of Zoroastrianism and its fundamental object was the worship of the Sun. There were at the beginning no temples, no effigies, and the adherents of this religion conducted their worship on high places where they could behold the glories of him whom they regarded as the All-Father. The Emperor Julian, the Apostate, himself traced his descent to the Sun, and it is clear that this religion everywhere met with enthusiastic reception from all classes and grades of the people.

This religion, which had to be officially abolished in the year A.D. 378, would, in the absence of Christianity, have had no serious rival, and if we consider that it had made great headway, in spite of the official recognition of Christianity by Constantine, we are

THE APPEAL OF CHARITY

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Contributions, which will be gratefully acknowledged, should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.

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A View of one of the Laboratories in the Research Institute.



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justified in believing that it would have responded to a definite need in the aspirations of the masses of the Empire.

It was undoubtedly a noble religion, and the object of its worship was one which could not fail to inspire with awe and thankfulness any worshipper who was aware of the enormous part which the Sun must play in the happiness of mankind. But it made no especial appeal either to women or to slaves, and would not have produced anything like the social revolution which was the inseparable concomitant of Christianity. Yet, since the worship depended upon the continual presence of this great source of light, it could not have made any appeal to those who dwelt in sunless lands where, in northern fog, the rays of this beneficent deity were faint and weak.

Consequently, there would have been a part of the Empire which, even if it had superficially received Mithraism, would have been always ready for any new faith which would have been more suitable to the needs and climate of the northern part of the Empire.

We can conceive of a new literature springing up, not the delicate finesse of the Alexandrine versifiers, but the fervent expression of a new and noble faith, under the enlightened despotism of the Sun-Emperor. But for the northern peoples we cannot but assume that Thor and Odin would have replaced Christ and Paul.

EPIMETHEUS

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

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- B. 3827. 'Art Thou Weary'; 'Praise to the Holiest.' Westminster Central Hall Choir. Conductor: Arthur Meale. With Organ accompaniment by A. L. Harris.
- B. 3624-5. 'From Foreign Lands,' Parts 1, 2, 3, 4 (Moszkowski). Berlin State Opera Orchestra. Conducted by Clemens Schmalstich.
- C. 2001. 'Rondo' (Schubert, arr. Friedberg). 'Malaguena' (Sarasate). Laszlo Szentgyorgyi, with Pianoforte accompaniment by Clemens Schmalstich.
- C. 2147. 'Funeral March' (Chopin). Harry Goss-Custard. Played on the Organ of Liverpool Cathedral.
- C. 2201. 'The London Toc H. Birthday Festival, December 6, 1930.' Speech by the Rev. P. B. Clayton, introducing message from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
- D. 1874. 'Andante Favori' (Beethoven). Benno Moiseivitch.
- C. 2065. 'O Don Fatale' ('Don Carlos,' Verdi). 'Plaisir D'Amour' (Martini). Marian Anderson, Contralto.
- D.B. 1504. (Ardon Gl'Incensi'; 'Spargi di Amaro Pianto' ('Lucia di Lammermoor,' Donizetti). Lily Pons, Soprano.
- C. 2026 to 2029. 'Symphony No. 3 in F Major,' Op. 90. In four movements (Brahms). Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Clemens Krauss.
- D. 1889 to 1892. 'Symphony No. 1 in B Flat Major,' Op. 38. In four movements (Schumann). Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock. 'Pas D'Action,' Op. 52, No. 5 (Glazounov). Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock.

"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE . . ."

DESPITE the multiplication of "social services," there remains, and probably always will remain, a residuum of need and suffering that can only be met and relieved by the alms of the charitable and the disinterested work of those who devote their lives to the service of their fellows. But it would seem, sometimes, so many are the claims and so heavy the burdens, that the great stream of charity must be stayed; but miracles still happen, and the stream flows on though its sources may seem to have run dry.

Many of these appeals are for charities devoted to children, and among these a very high place must be accorded to The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, of which the King and Queen and the Duke of York are patrons. This admirable society has just held its Jubilee Festival, in which a pageant of children at the Albert Hall was included. The society not only cares for its children in the hundred and ten homes it controls, but it keeps in touch with them when they leave its care, and its annual reports have generally some signal successes of old boys and girls to record that testify to the value of the training given in homes to-day providing for four thousand eight hundred children.

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* training ship are still appealing for funds to meet the especial expense of converting "Esher Place" into a Home, capable of housing one hundred and seventy-five girls. For this the sum of £4,000 is needed. The Homes and training ship have a great record of service, not only to the children but to the nation. Another charity worthy of all support is that of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which make the proud claim "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission." One hundred and ten thousand children have passed through these homes, and it is estimated that if these children could be lined up holding hands, the line would stretch over eighty miles.

The Invalid Children's Aid Association appeals not only for funds to carry on their work of help and advice, but also for helpers willing to give personal service either in secretarial or visiting work. The work carried on by this society is explained by its title, and its title alone should be an irresistible appeal. The National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children deals not only or even mostly with those forms of cruelty which are vicious and intentional, but also with cases that are due to apathy, ignorance, and unhappy circumstance. How little prosecution enters into the work of the Society is demonstrated by a summary of five years of its work. Close on two hundred thousand cases, covering nearly half a million children, led to fewer than four thousand prosecutions, or less than two per cent.

To turn from the children to grown-ups, two particularly deserving associations are asking for help to carry on. "The Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help Society and the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops" have helped over a million men with money, food, clothing, and employment, while in the workshops more than three thousand severely disabled men have been trained to become self-supporting. Money is urgently needed owing to the prevailing depression and the number of ex-service men in distress. The other Association is "The Royal Sailors' Rests, Portsmouth and Devonport," founded fifty-six years ago by Agnes Weston and Sophia Wintz. Miss Weston died in 1918, and in 1920 the Royal Sailors' Rest, Devonport, was erected in her memory at a cost of £30,000. It is now proposed to erect as a memorial to Dame Sophia Wintz, who died in 1929, a new building in Portsmouth, which is urgently required, at a cost of £15,000, and subscriptions towards the fund are asked. The value of these Rests is recognized by all who have the welfare of our service men at heart.

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Do not regard this as charity, but as a debt of honour. Send your donation to the Chairman of the Society, The Countess Roberts, D.B.E., Room 62, 122 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3 (Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Lloyds Bank Ltd.)."

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CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XXVII

"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

By MOPO

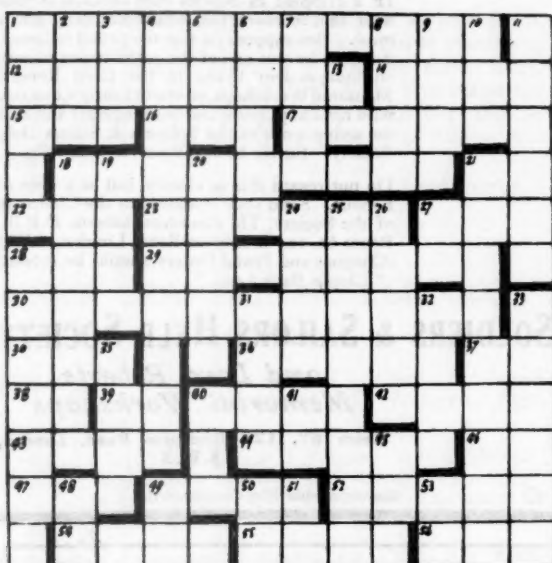
A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a quotation from the works of R. Kipling, viz.:

40d, 40a, 18d, 40d, 23, 44,
28d, 26, 54, 4, 55,
40d, 18a, 19, 40d, 35,
29, 1a, 51, 43, 40a.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



QUOTATION AND REFERENCE.

Across.

CLUES.

1. This makes poverty riches according to Iago.
12. Nautilus.
14. In me the net is displayed "in the sight of the bird."
15. Woe made sorrowful in Scotland.
16. I "shadow'd many a group of beauties, that were born in teacup-times of hood and hoop."
17. Robber.
18. Psyche appeared to the tramp winged like a this.
21. See 53.
22. Give me one from "a82" to make me testify to your advantage.
23. A mere exclamation of distress from Spenser will harass here.
27. See my down.
28. See 22.
29. The poet says, the vicar this, that Peter and Poule, laid a curse on the bowl.
30. A Grecian urn.
- 34 and 39. My beard is a species of saxifrage.
36. This gives you cause to quiver.
37. See 38.
38. See 5, but if I swallow 37 rev. my card spoils a carte-blanch.

40. I lived at Me Hall, and my coach-house was piled up to the roof with fragments of the cars I had smashed up.
42. A nose out of joint for ages.
44. Is assured of.
46. See 32.
47. Initially the motive power of certain horses.
49. Halliday said that Burleigh had taken this, but Bothwell said it was with a qualification.
52. This form of a tide would be a bore if it didn't run backward.
56. See 45.

Down.

1. A corbie did this.
- 2 and 3. This cat brought "a black bean, a blue bag, and a white stone" from Fairyland, so now you can turn me into a donkey.
4. "Hot it on top" with a hyphen to enable you to produce the business end of a prong.
5. I perform before 38.
6. Kettledrum.
7. It was from a this before 13 reversed that Quentin heard the air of County Guy.
8. This is said to itself reversed after men who do it.
9. Fleet.
10. This is not a living heat.
11. Fatten.
13. See 7.
18. What is under what is 19 it is this it.
19. I am found in the soup on Fridays (hidden).
20. This is out of season.
21. "Yure sad" but that should help you to find my devil.
24. This dog hunts by scent.
25. Shore-crab.
27. You can get ten years for putting me before my across reversed.
31. Japanese instrument in reverse that can almost abase itself.
32. Cicatrization before 46.
33. Barked—but not for the sake of the bone it has swallowed!
35. "For the rivers call, and the ——— calls, and oh! the call of a bird."
41. Grace before myself reversed.
45. I and 56 served Spenser for a throttle.
- 48 and 49 rev. Very old clothes.
- 51 and 50 rev. Modern clothes.
53. A sheaf of corn before 21a reversed.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXVI

K	I	C	K	S	Y	W	I	C	K	S	Y
A	N	H	E	L	A	T	I	O	N	T	E
K	E	A	L	O	R	D	O	F	O	B	S
I	S	R	E	V	E	A	L	A	B	E	T
S	T	A	G	E	D	R	I	L	E	I	F
T	I	C	G	A	W	K	T	L	E	O	R
O	M	T	H	E	N	E	D	A	R	D	
C	A	E	R	H	A	E	T	I	C	E	A
R	B	R	I	N	G	S	I	G	N	T	Y
A	L	L	S	P	A	S	P	R	I	N	G
C	E	L	E	R	I	T	Y	T	H	I	S
Y	O	U	N	A	N	D	T	H	A	T	C

QUOTATION.

"And this is the sign we bring you, before the darkness fall,
That Spring is risen, is risen again,
That Life is risen, is risen again,
That Love is risen, is risen again, and Love is Lord of all."

A. Noyes, 'The Lord of Misrule'

NOTES.

Across.

11. 'Romeo and Juliet,' II, 5.
15. Generic name "Nestor."
16. Scott's 'Rokeby' (song).
25. 'Richard II,' II, 3.
26. Bret Harte, 'The Street Driver's Story.'
27. Longfellow, 'Psalm of Life.'
32. Ettle.
34. Tyro.
40. Caethé.
45. Foxes "earth."
46. 'Lycidas.'
47. M. Arnold, 'Sohrab and Rustum.'
52. Spathe.

Down.

4. See 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'
5. 'Tempest,' I, 1.
6. Twin.
7. 'Love's Labour's Lost,' III, 1.
10. May 1st, old style.
12. Anag. of "vole."
20. 'Henry V,' III, 2.
38. 'Hamlet,' V, 1.
42. H = 200, N = 90.
57. T(ea)d.
60. Hain.
61. Scull and Scarp.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXVI

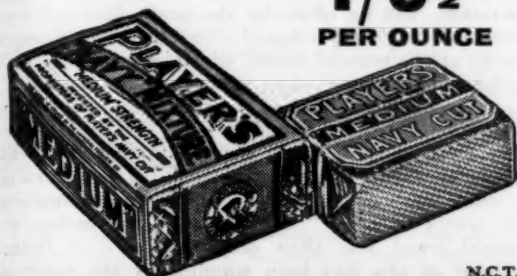
The winner is Mr. Anthony Gilbert, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, who has chosen for his prize, 'My Northcliffe Diary,' by Tom Clarke. (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 476

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, May 21)

PORTS ON OUR WEST AND ON OUR SOUTHERN COAST;
SAFETY AND DEPTH ARE WHAT THE FIRST CAN BOAST;
THE SECOND'S ANCIENT, CERTAIN AUTHORS GUESS:
AT LEAST IT FLOURISHED UNDER GOOD QUEEN BESS.

1. I and the spring-gun guarded great men's grounds.
2. Core of old stringed begetter of sweet sounds.
3. At Trin. Coll. Cam. the students have to face it.
4. Is much more joyous when fair ladies grace it.
5. This no man does who every debt has paid.
6. Yields blossoms pleasing both to man and maid.
7. Tenet established and received as true.
8. When Donald is, he blames the mountain-dew.
9. Heart of a human young and small in size.
10. "To arms! to arms! the fierce" she-warrior "cries."
11. His French attendants must their fury quit.
12. Your whip-poor-will a cousin is of it.

Solution of Acrostic No. 474

- | | | | |
|----|-------------|----------------|--|
| L | aboure | R ¹ | 1 The labourer is worthy of his wages. |
| O | c | Ulist | Luke x, 7. (G.V.) |
| B | attering-ra | M | 2 Luke xvi, 2. |
| S | tewardshi | P ² | 3 He used me |
| T | herapeutic | S | As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird |
| E | jectmen | T ³ | Useth the sparrow.—Shakespeare. |
| R | osetta-ston | E ⁴ | 4 This stone, found at Rosetta in 1799, |
| S | equol | A ⁵ | with an inscription in hieroglyphics, |
| A | ardvar | K ⁶ | demotic and Greek, gave the first clue |
| L | ady-hel | P | to the decipherment of hieroglyphics. |
| tA | p | Ir | 5 A genus of gigantic evergreen trees. |
| D | efenc | E | Also called Wellingtonia. "The largest of existing trees; a native of California." |
| | | | 6 The Earth-pig, a South African edentate, or toothless mammal. |

ACROSTIC No. 474.—The winner is "Shorwell," Mr. G. K. Paley, 9 Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who has selected as his prize 'Shakespeare's Plays in the Order of their Writing,' by Eva T. Clark, published by Palmer and reviewed by D. Willoughby in our columns on May 2. One other competitor named this book, twenty-two chose 'They Walk Again,' seven 'Some Persons Unknown,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Ali, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Miss Carter, Bobs, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Tyro.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., E. Barrett, Clam, Fossil, Glamis, T. Hartland, Iago, Lilian, Madge, Met, Peter, Sisyphus.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—J. Chambers, Bertram R. Carter, Barberry, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Gay, Jeff, Penelope, F. M. Petty, Rabbits, Shrub, St. Ives, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

Light 8 baffled 21 solvers; Light 12, 16; Light 6, 14; Light 11, 11; Light 4, 9; Lights 7 and 9, 4; Light 3, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 473.—Correct: St. Ives.

MARTHA.—If Alopecia had been my answer to Light 5 of No. 472, I am afraid that all our other solvers would have complained that it was too far-fetched. No one else gave it, and I fancy that this synonym for Baldness is known to very few outside the medical profession. It is not in the C.O.D. I have repeatedly stated that "words unknown to the man in the street" will be very rarely used in these acrostics.

¶ A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competition and to post their solutions in good time.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

UNFORTUNATELY, week follows week and conditions on the Stock Exchange show no signs of improvement, while quotations in many directions continue to depreciate in a manner that must prove most distressing for holders. While, admittedly, there has been during recent weeks a fair volume of liquidation on account of weak positions, it would seem that the depreciation in price is out of all proportion to the volume of business transacted. This anomaly is easily explainable, inasmuch as, generally speaking, markets are suffering from almost a total absence of buyers, and the jobbers are, naturally, disinclined to load up their books to too great an extent, with the result that in sheer self-defence they are bound to mark down prices. Although, admittedly, very vast sums have been lost through the depreciation of stocks and shares during the past two years, it would seem that there are funds available for investment, but that the public has entirely lost confidence in the Stock Exchange and prefers at the moment either to leave its money on deposit at the banks, or else to invest it in only the front rank of investment securities—gilt-edged stocks.

At the Dunlop Rubber Company meeting held last week, the Chairman, Sir Eric Geddes, deemed it worth while to refer to the suggestion that there had been a leakage of information as regards the company's results, which led to the price of the shares being materially marked down prior to the company's report being issued. Sir Eric informed the shareholders that he would not leave a stone unturned in his investigation of the matter. Action such as this is conducive to re-establishing confidence, and the Chairman of the Dunlop Rubber Company is to be congratulated in referring to the subject publicly and strongly, and not ignoring the incident as one not coming within the scope of the directors of a joint stock company.

Shareholders for some years have not received sufficient information in connexion with companies in which they are shareholders. The issuing of progress reports has been advocated time and again in these notes. If the majority of companies decided to keep their shareholders in future in much closer touch with the progress their businesses are making than they have in the past, they would have taken a step forward in re-establishing confidence. Annual reports in many cases are not sufficiently informative. A case in point, it is suggested, is supplied by the recently issued report of the Unilever Company. It is not suggested that all is not well with this great combine, but perusal of the report and the Chairman's speech at the subsequent meeting appears to indicate that shareholders are left very much in the dark as to the amount of depreciation suffered by the stocks held by subsidiary and associated companies and the steps taken to meet it.

While on this subject reference must again be made to the weekly traffic returns made by our Home Railways. The prices of Home Railway stocks are constantly falling. In view of the fact that the weekly returns only represent part of the picture, one cannot expect investors to have confidence in these companies, because, even if the full picture were blacker than the silhouette issued, investors would know that they knew the worst, and would form their own opinion as to future prospects. As it is, accurate knowledge must be limited to a very few insiders. The attention of the directors of our big companies is drawn to these points.

They must also desire the confidence of investors to be re-established, and it is suggested that part of the remedy rests in their own hands.

GILT-EDGED STOCKS

The reduction of the Federal Reserve Bank rate led to a further marking up of gilt-edged securities, and the opinion is again gaining ground that within the next few months the moment may be deemed propitious for a big Government Conversion Scheme for War Loan 5 per cent. While it is felt that, owing to the vast amount of this stock that is outstanding, it will not be possible to convert the entire block in one operation, holders of War Loan should not ignore the fact that they may be faced with having to come to some decision on a conversion offer some time this year. A point that must not be overlooked is that, prior to a conversion offer being made, existing gilt-edged stocks will have to be standing at higher levels than those now ruling, if a substantial saving is to be effected. It would appear, therefore, that a holder of War Loan might well consider exchanging a portion of his present holding for such counters as Consol 4 per cent. or Conversion 3½ per cent. If this policy is adopted, part of the reduced income, which he will have to face as the result of a War Loan conversion operation, will be offset by the profit that will have accrued in having purchased either of these gilt-edged stocks at the present levels, which, presumably, must be lower than those ruling when the offer is made.

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

In view of the general depression that is prevailing in so many different directions, it is interesting to note that companies who specialize in supplying the wants of the "inner man" are feeling the general trend less than other classes. A further example of this has been supplied by the report of Smith's Potato Crisps (1929) Limited recently issued, for, although profits are slightly reduced, shareholders are informed that the turnover has increased, and the final dividend is maintained at 10 per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year.

J. LYONS

Another company, the shares of which appear a really first-class industrial holding, despite present parlous conditions, is J. Lyons & Company Ltd. The activities of this company must be so well known that they do not need enlarging on in these notes. Suffice it to say that its management is most capable, its finance most conservative, its prospects promising, and, despite the fact that the yield shown at the present level is small, Lyons' Ordinary shares appear to be well worth locking away by any class of investor.

BRAZILIAN BONDS

There has been some recovery during the past week in Brazilian Bonds. This is based on the assumption that they have reached a level which discounts any sacrifice that holders may be called upon to make, while in the event of the position in Brazil proving less serious than anticipated, a very generous yield is shown at present levels. The holding of Brazilian Bonds obviously entails a speculative risk, but this appears to be generously allowed for at present levels.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the meetings of the following companies: Quicktho (1928) Ltd., Dunlop Rubber Company, Limited, British Match Corporation, Ltd.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds £40,328,000. Total Income £10,187,400
 LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street

Company Meetings

THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED

SIR ERIC GEDDES ON WORLD WIDE TRADE DEPRESSION

The Thirty-second Ordinary General Meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Limited, was held on May 8 at the Whitehall Rooms, Whitehall Place. The Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E., presided.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said, in part: Last year I dealt somewhat fully with the unfortunate effects of taxation and political uncertainty on the position of British industry, referring to these as factors which, looking to the future, we could not disregard. I continued in these words: "But it is not only at home that we trade, a large proportion of our business is export business, and when one looks at the unrest and disturbance, financial, political and economic, in every quarter of the globe—Australia, India, China, Egypt, South America, Russia, Poland—I doubt whether in the history of organized business there has ever been a time when greater uncertainty existed."

Unfortunately, the events of the past year have given to these adverse factors the fullest possible weight. Here at home, high and ill-adjusted taxation and continued political uncertainty have maintained their adverse influence. Moreover, the unrest and disturbance in our export markets to which I made reference, developed to a degree which your Board, in spite of the most careful study, could not foresee. Indeed, I do not think that anyone, whether statesman, economist, or man of business, foresaw the full intensity of the depression, nor the suddenness with which the economic avalanche was to descend upon us in the latter part of the year.

Our own company is, as you know, international, doing an unusually large proportion of its business overseas in every quarter of the globe. It was inevitable, therefore, that we should feel in full severity the force of the economic and political blizzard which has overwhelmed the world.

THE POSITION IN INDIA

I have referred to political disturbances in various parts of the world, but there is one in particular which has affected our trade seriously, and is still doing so. I refer to India, one of our most important overseas markets. Our business there in the first half of 1930 showed definite increases over 1929, but later the political disturbances in many parts of the country and the pronounced boycott of British goods so affected our business that by the end of the year our turnover showed a substantial drop as compared with 1929. Incidents of this kind, and I could cite many more, are entirely outside the control of your Board.

The total profits from all sources for 1930, after providing for depreciation in the accounts of the whole group of companies, amounted to £1,250,963, as compared with £2,307,354. There has, therefore, been a decrease in profits of about 46 per cent.

In view of the falling off in the profits no further distribution to the ordinary shareholders can be made.

For the first half of the year 1930, profits held up remarkably well, and in some directions were ahead of 1929. It was not until the last quarter of the year that the economic blizzard developed its full force and it was the conditions during this period that upset our calculations. Nevertheless, the profits are substantial and indicate what the company could have achieved had world conditions been normal.

THE BALANCE SHEET

The balance sheet position, I think you will agree, is a very strong one, as there is a surplus of current assets over current liabilities of £3,444,986, this surplus having increased during the year by £570,413.

As to future prospects. You will remember that last year, speaking, as I said, with a full sense of responsibility, I referred to certain favourable factors in our then position. I will quote my own actual words.

- (1) The quality of our products, as proved by very complete records, was never so high.
- (2) Our plant throughout the organization was never so up to date or in better condition.
- (3) The efficiency and economy of our tyre and rubber factories were never greater, and the wages of our employees have improved with the increased efficiency and have steadily risen since the reconstruction.
- (4) Our relations with our employees have never been better, and are excellent.

These statements I can still, with the same full sense of responsibility, repeat to-day, and although unfortunately I cannot say, as I did last year, that the demand for our products throughout the world has never been so high, I can and do assert that our proportion of the available world business has never been so great as it is now.

After a long discussion, mainly on the question of alleged leakage of information to the Stock Exchange, which the chairman strongly repudiated, the report was adopted.

BRITISH MATCH CORPORATION, LTD.

BRYANT AND MAY AND OTHER INTERESTS

HIGHLY SATISFACTORY RESULTS

The Fourth Ordinary General Meeting of the British Match Corporation, Limited, was held on May 13 at Winchester House, E.C.

Sir George Paton (Chairman and Managing Director) said that in these difficult and troublesome times it was gratifying to be able to submit accounts which, if not quite up to last year's, were highly satisfactory. The net revenue amounted to £461,387, and with the amount brought forward there was a total of £528,853, against £545,139. The directors recommended that £40,000 be written off goodwill, rights, etc., and that a dividend of 4 per cent., free of income tax, be paid on the Ordinary shares, making 8 per cent., free of tax, for the year, leaving £94,789 to be carried forward against £67,466 brought in.

Shares in subsidiary companies, taken at cost, were unchanged at £5,923,048, and he could assure the shareholders that they were not overvalued. They yielded a gross return of 10.27 per cent. The net revenue from shares in subsidiary companies, at £480,313, was down by £26,679. This was more than accounted for by the depreciation in the Brazilian exchange.

SOURCES OF INCOME

This Corporation was only a holding company, and he might tell the shareholders something of the businesses from which it drew its income. The most important of these was Bryant and May, Limited, in which the Corporation held all the Ordinary shares. At the annual meeting on April 29 dividends the same as those of last year were declared. The net profit amounted to over £530,000, against £528,000 in the previous year; £100,000 was added to reserve account, bringing it up to £500,000. The investments consisted of £549,699 in Government securities, yielding a return of over 5 per cent., and £1,377,798 in subsidiary and associated companies, which gave a return of over 20 per cent. on the book value and provided a large proportion of the profits of that company's business.

Sales of matches in the home trade had been maintained and were well over last year's totals.

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

The subsidiary companies of Bryant and May had all given a good account of themselves.

Referring to the Scottish Timber Estates situated at the head of the Holy Loch on the Clyde, the Chairman said that Bryant and May owned close on 7,000 acres, which they were afforesting with timber particularly suitable for the match business.

Immediately after Bryant and May, came the business of J. John Masters and Co., Limited, which had had a satisfactory year, but, like the Bryant and May factories, the factory at Barking was equipped for and capable of turning out about double the product at present required for the home trade.

Bryant and May (Brazil), Ltd., was a very important subsidiary of the Corporation, and owned match factories at Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, and elsewhere in Brazil. The factories had been fully employed, and the results had been most satisfactory, but owing to the adverse exchange there was a reduced profit from this investment of nearly £30,000.

POSITION IN AUSTRALIA

His colleague, Mr. Bartholomew, had just returned from an extended trip to New Zealand and Australia, visiting Canada on his way to New Zealand. He reported most encouragingly regarding all their businesses in these places, but, with regard to Australia and New Zealand, the exchange question and increased taxation was putting up costs, and he (the Chairman) feared they must face the fact that this would somewhat affect their returns from these particular places until the financial situation improved, as no doubt it would, provided the Australian Governments tackled the question of economy in a serious way.

It was interesting to note that the Corporation and its subsidiary and associated companies paid in taxation last year well over two million pounds sterling, including, of course, the excise tax on matches. The position of the Corporation and its subsidiaries was financially very strong, and, given better world conditions, there was nothing that he could see to prevent its future prosperity and growth.

The report was unanimously adopted.

QUICKTHO (1928) LTD.

The Third Ordinary General Meeting of Quicktho Ltd. was held at the Holborn Restaurant, London, W.C., on May 14.

Mr. F. W. Berwick, who presided, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: I am sure you will agree that the balance sheet discloses a very satisfactory position. The actual profit earned for the period ending January last, after making ample provision for income tax, is £36,962.

In reviewing the Company's position generally I have again to assure you that our policy of trading as specialists in all forms of Window Control and Operation has been pursued throughout the year.

We continue to enjoy the privilege of supplying all the largest and most important Passenger Vehicle Organizations in the country and the use of Q.T. Regulators is insisted upon by many of those responsible for specifications of body work. In addition to the fittings supplied by the Company for public service vehicles and coaches, our share in the private car trade is satisfactory, more particularly so far as the higher class of coachwork is concerned.

The Company's Experimental Department has been actively engaged throughout the year in introducing modifications and improvements to our existing models in addition to evolving new types to meet special requirements. It is not perhaps apparent to the casual observer that coach building in this country, although one of the oldest industries, is for ever forging ahead, and each year sees the inauguration of new ideas in construction. This progress calls for a like progress in window design and we are constantly called upon to produce special type fittings and adaptations of present models to meet the new demand created.

In short, it is now becoming a general axiom in the trade to turn to Quicktho's for a simple means of solving any window problems, and this is borne out by the progressive results we have been able to place before you.

Negotiations for the sale of American manufacturing rights have proceeded throughout the year, and certain offers on a royalty basis have been considered, but it was felt the Company was not justified, in the shareholders' interests, in closing at the terms suggested.

In conclusion, I feel I cannot do better than to assure you that the aim of my colleagues and myself is to retain the pre-eminent position we have attained in the window manufacturing world.

The report was unanimously adopted and a dividend of 2½ per cent. per share, less tax, was declared.

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